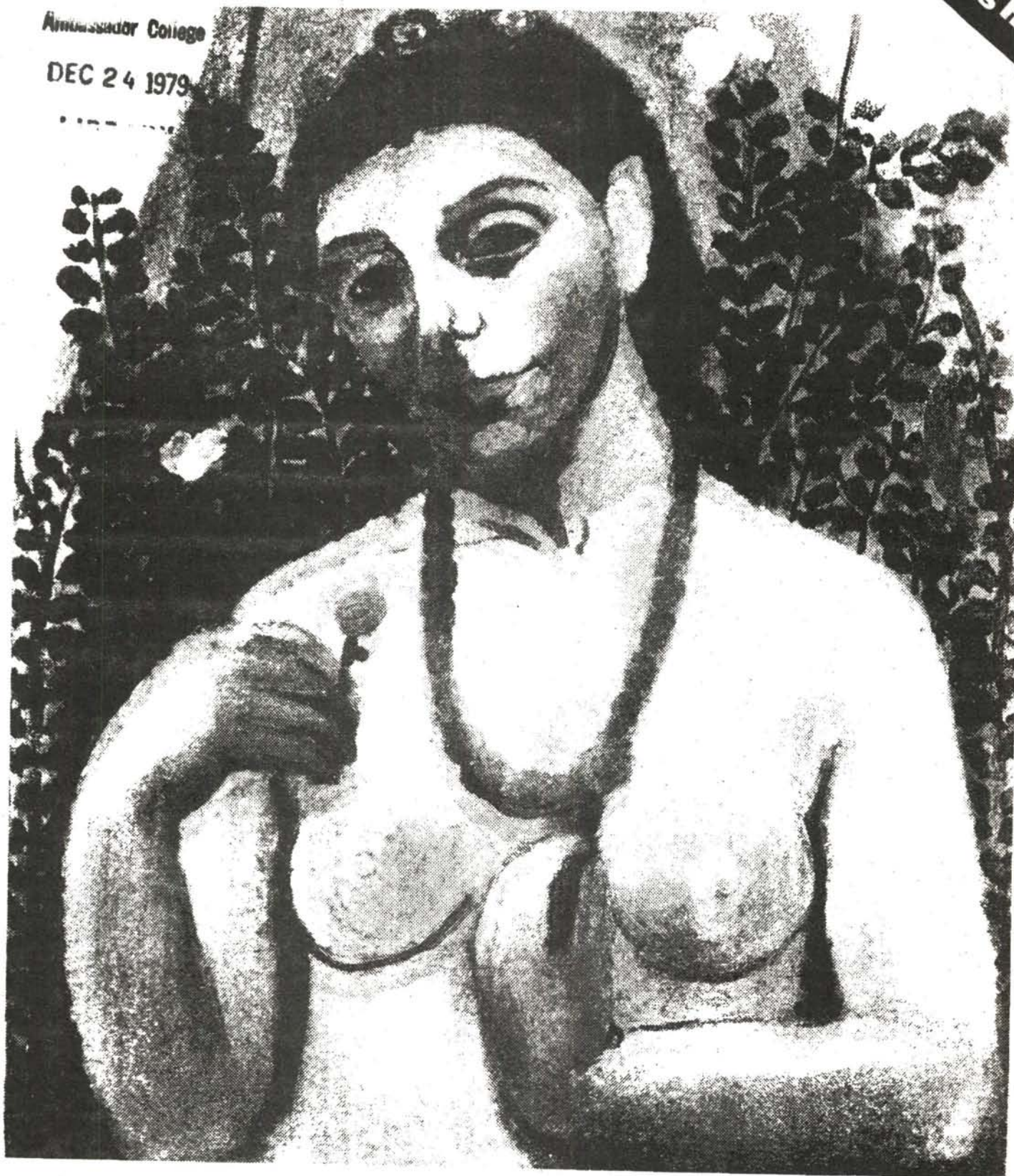


NEW STATESMAN

Whitewashing Hitler

Amman College

DEC 24 1979



CAN WOMEN PAINT? **Germaine Greer's 'Obstacle Race'**

Korean murders: report from Seoul
Inside publishing: the Weidenfeld extravaganza
Secret report on a Bedlam in the Midlands

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NOTES

Army takeover in South Korea

Donald Kirk writes from Seoul: It now seems clear that President Park Chung Hee, Cha Chi Chul and four body guards were victims of a plot in which South Korea's armed forces have effectively taken control. Today, the country's 'strong man' is a 53-year-old general named Chung Seung Hwa, who rose to the position of army Chief of Staff as the protégé of none other than Kim Jae Kyu, the KCIA director who gunned down Park and Cha with his .38 calibre Smith and Wesson revolver after a tiff over dinner in the KCIA building Friday, 26 October.

Not that General Chung was necessarily clued in all along. Rather, the word around this stunned, but not exactly grief-stricken capital is that some of his underlings persuaded Kim Jae Kyu that he would come to no harm by doing in the President and Cha (the latter being regarded as Park's destructive, bullying alter ego) and then making an immediate *rendez-vous* with General Chung. After the event, Chung promptly emerged as Martial Law Commander – the kind of title he need never relinquish as long as any kind of 'emergency' exists.

Kim Jae Kyu and his six-man hit team went straight from the KCIA building to a restaurant where they met General Chung and told him of the massacre without specifying who did what. Thence, by all reports circulating through this rumour-mad city, the KCIA and military chiefs sped off to the huge army bunker across the way from the Defence Ministry. From the bunker, the Prime Minister (now acting President) Choi Kyu Hah, who is regarded as strictly a yes-man for Park, proclaimed martial law and named Chung as Martial Law Commander. There – and in the Defence Ministry – the Cabinet held its first few meetings after Park's death. And there, after walking the corridors freely for several hours and chatting to old friends, Kim Jae Kyu was finally and formally arrested.

Kim owed those few hours of relative freedom to his refusal to say that he personally had been the trigger man. There was, however, a fourth guest at the little dinner, namely Park's chief Cabinet secretary, Kim Tae Won. He purportedly witnessed the post-prandial mayhem without getting scratched, drove the dead or dying President to a hospital and finally, if we can believe the martial law command, told all to the armed forces. But was Kim Tae Won also involved? The suspicion that the plot may have included Park's immediate entourage in the Blue House, the elaborate official residence which he called home for 18 years, deepened with the revelation four days later that he too was under arrest.

Certainly, the armed forces and other branches of the ruling structure were totally disillusioned with the increasingly dictatorial style that characterised Park's rule since he promulgated his 'yushin' ('revitalisation') constitution in 1972. Park, for his part, seems to have relied on the advice of a hardlin- ing coterie of obscure insiders since the death five years ago of his wife, killed by an assassin's bullet intended for him. Cha, an abrasive former Lieutenant Colonel who lacked the intelligence to advance further before retiring from the army and signing on as Park's bodyguard, was his most influential adviser.

Kim Jae Kyu and his subordinates within the KCIA had found that Cha repeatedly cut off access to the President, sometimes turning Kim and other top officials away at pistol point. But their quarrel with Cha was not all that had been going wrong for the Park regime. There was the embarrassment of the opposition New Democratic Party getting more votes than Park's own party in last December's national assembly election. (Park kept his majority, to be sure, since his 'yushin' constitution gives him the right to appoint one third of the members.) Then there was the emergence of Kim Young Sam, an outspoken critic, as president of the NDP. The beginning of the end for Park was probably his decision, several weeks ago, against the advice of

the KCIA, to dismiss Kim Young Sam from the assembly. No sooner had Kim's NDP cohorts in the assembly tendered their mass protest resignation than labour riots broke out in the industrial port cities of Pusan and Masan.

If South Korea was not quite yet a powder keg waiting to explode, it was at least a sorely divided, perplexed society. Cha blamed the KCIA both for underestimating the protest and for not stopping it. The KCIA, with at least 100,000 men on its payroll, claimed the danger of subversion was not great – and might worsen considerably if Park persisted in following Cha's counsel. The top officials of the KCIA easily fell into line behind their director, who called the KCIA secretary and chief of protocol to join in the assassination along with two bodyguards and a driver. No doubt others within the KCIA were also in on the plot, as evidenced by word that between 30 and 50 of them now are under 'some form of detention'.

With the country firmly under martial law the critical question now is whether or not General Chung will be willing to yield to a civilian regime to which he is truly subordinate. Some political dissidents whom I met cling naively to the hope that the martial law command will release political prisoners and repeal the 'yushin' constitution, which pre- scribes elections within 90 days of Park's death by a 2,300-man 're-unification committee. So far, though, General Chung has betrayed no such incli- nation.

Blind eye on Lord Chancellor

Mike Elliott writes: If the DPP is now unaccountable to parliament as John Griffith reported (NS 19 October), he is not alone. According to evidence buried in last June's *Hansard* (which has only recently been published), the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney General and the Solicitor General are also to be spared parliamentary scrutiny.

In 1978 the Commons Procedure Committee recommended that the old patchwork system of Select Committees should be rationalised and extended, and to that end proposed a series of committees whose job would be to act as a watch- dog over specific departments. Without any appar- ent dissent, the Procedure Committee recom- mended that the Home Office watchdog should also look after the Lord Chancellor's Department and the Law Officer's Department (which covers the Attorney General and the Solicitor General). Yet when the new government came to make their proposals the two legal departments were dropped; an effort to reintroduce them by amendment in the June debate failed by 186 votes to 87.

The result is both absurd and disturbing: the new Committee will presumably be able to look at magistrates' courts and the criminal legal aid scheme, which are directly responsible to the Home Office, but *unable* to look at the higher courts, the civil legal aid scheme, the legal advice and assis- tance scheme and general questions on legal ser- vices and civil law reform, because all these come under the Lord Chancellor. And who answers for the Lord Chancellor in the Commons? Why, none other than our old friend the Attorney General, himself now protected from inquisitive prying by uppity committees. And if he is protected, the DPP is assuming impregnability.

The only justification offered by Norman St John-Stevs for this state of affairs was that a Select Committee might threaten the independence of the judiciary or the judicial process. Quite apart from this nice co-option of a rigid doctrine of the separa- tion of powers into the constitution, the answer is a nonsense. To say, as St John-Stevs did, that the functions of the Lord Chancellor are all too deeply interwoven with judicial affairs, is simply untrue: what about the Public Records Office, law centres, financial limits on legal aid – all of which are his responsibility? Nor is it possible to argue that the functions of the Attorney General and the Solicitor

General take place solely in the courtroom: their department takes policy decisions on the desirability of enforcing certain laws and on proper ways for government to put policy into action. It should be seen to be accountable for its actions.

Inside the 'Snuffbox'

Duncan Campbell writes: Last week, the *Guardian* revealed that the Immigration Service receives instructions on security suspects from a mysterious Box 500.

Box 500 is MI5's lace curtain, one of a number of aliases which it affects – not to the public, where circumspection might be justified, but to ministers and other Whitehall security departments. Secret reports on such trade union leaders as Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon went to Edward Heath's ministers, and to Harold Wilson, from Box 500. Likewise, correspondence from MI5 to other government departments is headed only by a crown and 'Box 500, Parliament Street, London SW1'. MI5 formerly had a Whitehall telephone number to match this cover; on moving recently to its present headquarters at Curzon Street House near Berkeley Square, it abandoned this for an ordinary Mayfair number. Its telex is acknowledged by the answer-back code 'Snuffbox'.

Another cover address which has long since been known to hostile intelligence services but is still used is 'Room 055' at the Old War Office Building of the Ministry of Defence. In the Sixties, this address was used to try to recruit university students as informants and potential agents. Last year, MI5 technical specialists registered for a scientific conference as being from Room 055.

As last week's report commented, Box 500's list of organisations whose members immigration officers should closely watch consisted mainly of well known cold war Soviet fronts. But MI5/Box 500 also have their own section of the Suspects Index, the little black book which immigration officials check to see if a person is of interest. Besides basic particulars, these contain an 'Action Code' for each person. The codes include 'EXO' for people already deported from the UK, 'UC' or 'NC' to indicate undesirable characters to be excluded, and other codes specifying limitations to be applied to length of stay or employment. There are, however, around 1,000 British or commonwealth names with Action Codes 'A' or 'AA'. These are 'security suspects', who need not be stopped entering or leaving, but should be cross-examined in detail on their movements or travel plans. Immigration officials are told to report everything they learn immediately to Special Branch officers at the airport, and then by telephone to the 'Box 500' Duty Officer.

The top category, 'A', could include 'suspect members of the British Communist Party', other political activists or anyone else regarded as subversive by MI5. 'AA' is less important, and immediate notification is not required. Roughly 1,000 of the 10,000 entries in the British and Commonwealth section of the Suspect Index are As and AAs. Some 600 to 700 of these are people whose movements are of permanent interest to MI5.

Chelsea sacks Haseler

Mike Hoban writes: Kensington and Chelsea Labour Party decided last week to expel two of its most prominent members, Stephen Haseler of the right wing Social Democratic Alliance and Roger Fox, a former leader of the Labour group on the Borough Council. A motion of severe censure fell by 19-12 but a motion for expulsion was passed 19-1 with one abstention. The 11 who voted against expulsion had been in favour of censure, so the SDA was rejected even by the Trade Union Campaign for Labour Victory and found itself without any support at the meeting. Those who balked at the ultimate sanction were uneasy at mimicking the Right's expulsions of the Fifties. Fox and Haseler were charged with attempting 'in an underhand way to demoralise the Labour Party during the General

Election through the use of the mass media and attempting to dissuade Labour supporters from voting for selected Labour candidates'. (They had accused certain left wing candidates of 'totalitarian tendencies'.)

Despite many delays since May to allow Fox and Haseler to be present to defend themselves and despite procedural guidance from John Keys, the top Labour Party official in the London region, Haseler opened his defence by saying the meeting was invalid. His criticism was that the constituency's executive had expressed a view on the matter earlier and had therefore prejudiced the outcome. In the question and answer session, Haseler did most of the talking, Fox having 'flu. Most of his remarks consisted of self-congratulation about his record in the party, vilification of the charges ('rather like a police statement') and fearsome warnings about entristy in the Labour Party. He has promised to take his battle to Conference and then to the High Court. With much of the Right of the party eager to begin expulsions of their own against Trotskyists, Haseler and Fox may yet win support from that quarter.



Crack-down on radical CRCs?

Howard Sharron writes: A hefty row is brewing inside the race relations industry as negotiations reach deadlock between the Commission for Racial Equality and Community Relations Councils on the length and flexibility of the purse strings which join the two. A White Paper published in August sought to authorise the Commission to end its present automatic funding of CRCs and divert more money to ethnic organisations of its own choice. In one sense, this ought to be a welcome development: the aims of the CRCs are so contradictory (promoting 'racial harmony' is not the same thing as improving the lot of black people); and many of the Councils are so dozy that it has been hard to justify funding them automatically, at the expense of groups more directly keyed in to the needs of ethnic minorities. But what is worrying the ASTMS group of CRC staff is that the CRE's record to date suggests that any increase in its power over the CRCs will make matters worse – and will merely lead to a crack-down on the more enterprising ones.

Several 'troublesome' CRCs have already found themselves in deep water with the Commission. Scunthorpe CRC came under attack recently from newly elected Tory MP Michael Brown, who complained to the Commission's chairman David Lane that the Council was 'political' and involved with the

Anti-Nazi League. Following an interview with Lane, Mr Michael Brown was able to report to the press that the Commission was to launch an investigation into the CRCs – although in the end no investigation took place.

In Bradford, the Commission issued a press statement jointly with the local authority attacking the town's CRC and its chairman Mr Mohammed Ajeeb, for remarks he made against the education department's policy of bussing Asian children to different schools to disperse them. This was despite an admission by the CRE that the policy was racist and illegal.

The most blatant piece of political interference occurred in Walsall. Charles Boxer, Director of the CRE's Community Affairs and Liaison Section backed by David Lane, threatened to withdraw funding from the local CRC after Tory MP David Shepherd complained about an observation in the annual report of its Community Relations Officer John Mastrantone, that Conservative immigration policy was racist. A previous agreement by the CRE to appoint additional staff to the Council has, unaccountably, remained unfulfilled.

The Commission is clearly worried about government expenditure cuts and about the likelihood that many CRCs will continue to offend the Tories over their race relations policy – especially over Whitelaw's new nationality law. Charles Boxer has told CRC staff that he will not permit negotiations on the content of the White Paper's proposals, only on their implementation. The National Association of CRCs has advised its members not to hold meetings with Commission staff who are being dispatched around the country to 'explain' the White Paper to them. Industrial relations have so deteriorated that the ASTMS Community Relations Group has asked the Arbitration, Conciliation and Advisory Service (ACAS) to step in and investigate.

More power for Scottish police

Felicity Jones writes: The Government is planning to introduce a Bill in the next session of Parliament which threatens the very fabric of civil liberties in Scotland. Many consider that the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill, which is not expected to differ vastly from that which was introduced by the Labour government in October 1978 based on the recommendations of the Thomson Committee in 1975, will be much worse than the English 'sus' laws.

The main provisions of the proposed Bill would give police powers to detain suspects for several hours in the police station and also on the street without any charge having been made and without providing access to a solicitor or advisor. They would also be empowered to search suspects and their clothing without a warrant and even to arrest witnesses to an alleged offence. Such grave threats to the rights of the individual should warrant public discussion. But the Tories do not agree. The Under Secretary of State at the Scottish Office Malcolm Rifkind has already said that the time for debate is past and has refused to publish a Green Paper to enable full discussion of the issues involved.

Discussion of the Bill is still very much in the dark, as the Tories have not yet produced their version. But it is feared that it will prevent courts from demanding that police explain grounds for suspicion, because the Thomson Committee has admitted that such suspicion might 'take into account matters that could not be put in evidence at all'. This could only lead to detention on hunch.

A confidential document recently leaked to the *Scotsman* newspaper revealed the existence of secret registers of 'offenders' who have never been charged or tried. A Crown Office circular sent to procurator fiscals on 3 May this year enables them to issue written or verbal warnings to detainees which, unless positively denied by them, will be recorded on a local register. The circular mentions the Crown Office's intention to keep a national register eventually.

The scandal of St Matthew's

A HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL report on the training of nurses in a major West Midlands psychiatric hospital reveals that the lives of mentally ill patients are being endangered through systematic abuse of medical standards. These include the maladministration of dangerous drugs by non-medical staffs, unsanitary conditions, an acute lack of properly trained personnel, and grotesque overcrowding. The report, which is ostensibly a survey of training schemes for student psychiatric nurses at St Matthew's Psychiatric Hospital near Lichfield, was produced last month by the General Nursing Council. It gives a horrifying picture of conditions inside: three of the wards at St Matthew's – a converted Victorian workhouse – were found to be so grossly overcrowded and understaffed that student placements on those wards were ordered to be withdrawn immediately.

Tuke Ward, a 40 bed ward for disturbed male patients, is described by the report as having overcrowded dormitories and a 'toilet area' which 'would also benefit from urgent upgrading'. Side rooms on the ward, used to sleep patients on regular basis,

contained only a bed, no chair or locker in order to double as a seclusion room. In one side room the possessions were on the floor covered with a large cloth . . . Tuke ward should not be used for training until bed numbers are reduced and adequate facilities are provided.

The practices of the trained staff at St Matthew's is, the General Nursing Council finds, cause for concern: 'On many wards there was little awareness of the concept of cross-infection. Communal hairbrushes, combs, face-cloths, razors and barrier creams were in evidence. On some wards several toothbrushes were stored in single containers such as tumblers'. When questioned about this, staff complained that personal items for the patients were not freely available. What was freely available to the patients were syringes, needles and other 'supplies' which had been left unsecured in clinical rooms in the hospital that could not be locked.

On the administration of drugs on the ward the report is scathing. Non medical staff were found to be deciding what dosage of any drug a patient was to receive, deciding whether drugs were to be given at all, or not giving drugs which had been ordered. Prescription cards were either written or typed by nursing or pharmacy staff for later signature by a medical officer. In once case a card had been in use for some time with no doctor's signature at all. In many, the signature of the doctor was not dated. In other words the nurses had been encouraged to pursue their own policy of drugging patients and, as far as the records show, their treatment had been unsupervised by doctors perhaps for periods of several years.

'This method of administering drugs is potentially dangerous and should cease,' the report says bluntly. The drugs being administered in this fashion are amitriptyline and chlorpromazine, otherwise known as largactil, the 'liquid truncheon' used in prisons. Both are extremely powerful sedatives, used for all types of mental illness. In large doses both have the side effects of creating liver and

kidney failure, mental and physical infirmity.

While admitting that chronic overcrowding existed at St Matthew's, as in most psychiatric hospitals, Mr J. Pealing, the district nursing officer, denied that there was serious abuse in the administration of drugs. 'It's a technical matter', he said. 'With long stay patients in for many years their prescription cards get full and unreadable. We type prescription cards which is a practice which the General Medical Council doesn't disagree with. We also operate a system called PRN (repeating treatment by nurses when necessary) and this is quite legitimate. Doctors are constantly supervising the treatment of patients.' On the specific charges that drug levels were being altered unilaterally by nursing staff, and that in other cases drugs were not being given as ordered, Mr Pealing declined to comment, except to say: 'This is a matter which would have to be discussed . . . We are reviewing our policy on the administration of drugs.' Mr Pealing added: 'The standard of care is far above what you would ordinarily accept. I would be surprised if other skeletons found in other mental hospitals can be found in St Matthew's.'

Patients controlled by drugs and ECT

The nursing staff, who leaked the report, strongly disagree. They claim that the abuse of drugs is built into a system of treatment at the hospital designed to control and contain patients rather than to rehabilitate them. With understaffing and overcrowding, this approach which is already destructive to the needs of individual patients, has gone madly and dangerously out of control. Untrained staff under pressure, they argue, are using the flexibility of the PRN system to keep patients quiet with drugs – especially at night when staffing is impossibly low. With long stay and 'sectioned' (compulsory stay) cases, where consultants are under less pressure to see patients, these treatments are not monitored by doctors for years on end, except where patients present a behaviour problem. When this happens, the drug dosage is increased or Electric Convulsive Therapy (ECT) is given, and as a result many patients become docile, passive, and institutionalised. Their treatment then continues unreviewed, save for a peremptory physical examination once a year, when consultants usually just write 'still confused' and proceed as before. In the interim no medical checks are made on patients to check what damage the treatment is doing to their bodies.

Paraldehyde, a drug banned in other psychiatric hospitals for some years because it is so dangerous, is still being used at St Matthew's. It causes abscesses on injection, must be inserted by a glass rather than a plastic syringe because of its corrosive effect, and turns to acetic acid in the body. Too much is lethal. Two years ago Mr Mahala Singh, a disturbed but otherwise physically sound patient, died after he was given, under PRN, two doses of the drug in six hours. The post mortem said Paraldehyde was to blame. Staff allege that the drug, which is poisonous with alcohol and which should only be given after physical examination, is freely administered to

patients, especially to acute cases admitted during the night. Two weeks ago Mr Reeves, a 31 year old alcoholic, died 24 hours after being admitted at night time to St Matthew's.

Electric Convulsive Therapy, staff say, is also given indiscriminately at the hospital as a substitute for any personalised psychotherapy. No physical examinations are given after the first time ECT is administered. Neither its effectiveness as a treatment, nor the mental or physical damage it does to a patient, are monitored. The staff related a recent incident where a 60 year old depressive man was ordered ECT by a consultant although he had a serious heart condition, on the grounds that 'it would probably kill him but at least he would know what it was like not to be depressed'. Even more disturbing is that ECT is used to quieten down troublesome patients, who become disoriented for up to three weeks after treatment. It is also used to threaten patients. Any resistance to ECT is seen as disturbed behaviour and drugs dosages are stepped up to ensure compliance with the 'therapy'. The mental changes caused by ECT are not fully understood, and recent research has shown that it is extremely harmful if used frequently.

The blanket use of powerful sedative drugs and ECT regardless of the nature of a patient's mental illness is an integral part of the hospital regime. Patients are categorised not according to their illness but according to their area of residence prior to entering the hospital. The long stay wards contain disturbed youths as well as psycho-geriatric patients. Once patients have been removed into these from the acute admission wards they have, because of the treatment they are given, little chance of ever leaving the hospital. The lack of any emphasis of rehabilitation to the outside world is dramatically highlighted by the lack of occupational therapy in the hospital. There is only one occupational therapist with two assistants for the 800 patients. Only mobile patients are given the therapy – which is carried out in a separate building – yet 80 per cent of the patients are non-mobile psycho-geriatric patients. The occupational therapy building is closed at weekends and on weekdays is open only for an average of four hours. For most of the time most of the patients are left to vegetate. What occupational therapy is given is 'diversional' and consists of simple repetitive tasks such as unscrewing bolts. It does nothing to prepare the patient for work in the outside world.

Food contamination

The policy of containment rather than cure operates at every level in the hospital. Contrary to the General Nursing Council's constant assertions, which fly in the face of its own evidence, that the standard of care is high, nursing staff say they are so pushed that no psychiatric care can be given to patients at all. Even the basic tasks of keeping the large number of elderly incontinent patients clean are not achieved. With many wards having only one qualified nurse, patients are forced, especially in the night shift, to lie in their own excrement. The stench in the morning is, staff say, unbearable. The matter is not helped by widespread diarrhoea, caused, staff believe,

by food contamination. Apparently the hospital is infested with stray cats and cockroaches. Reheating of previously cooked food is common practice in the kitchen, and the hospital has no dieticians for the specialised requirements of inmates.

According to a nurse who used to work in Gettings ward, the floor there is often awash with urine. With only one bath for 50 patients it is impossible to keep patients clean. Dental care in the hospital is non-existent. The rate of accidents is growing rapidly.

Staff shortages are leading to increasingly ugly scenes between nurses and patients. If fighting breaks out between patients, staff are either forced to run for cover, or restrain

patients more brutally than they would if there were more help available. Patients who have to be put in seclusion rooms cannot be constantly observed, and as a result are often able to injure themselves.

Ironically, the General Nursing Council's report has already led to a rapid deterioration in staffing standards. The removal of student nurses from three of the wards has obliged the hospital administration to fill the labour shortage by hiring nursing assistants straight from the dole queue. They are given no induction course and do not even have an elementary knowledge of first aid. Mr Pealing hopes to introduce an in-service training scheme some time in the future. In the meantime one

patient has nearly died after choking on food when the ward was staffed only by a nursing assistant – the one qualified nurse having gone to dinner.

The nursing staff who were prepared to leak the report and talk to the press are desperate for an outside inquiry into the hospital. All attempts to make changes from within have been stifled by the hospital's conservative and authoritarian administration. These nurses have already risked their careers – which is why they asked to remain unnamed. They would however be prepared to assist an independent inquiry which they believe would find within St Matthew's an up-dated, professionalised, Bedlam.

CAPITALISM Christopher Hird & Patrick Wintour

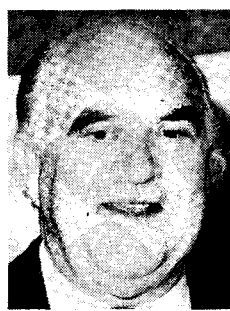
Why Lord Weidenfeld is in trouble Publishing is damned

WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON, one of Britain's best known publishing houses, is in the middle of a major piece of corporate surgery aimed at safeguarding the future of the company. As a retrenchment package including a 10 per cent cut in the workforce has the backing of the company's bankers, the future of the company seems assured. However, although Weidenfeld and Nicolson are not alone among publishers in having problems, it is, in some senses, remarkable that the situation has deteriorated so far: Weidenfeld's autumn catalogue contains a fair sprinkling of books for which commercial success seems assured and the company has an impressive list of authors.

The fate of publishing companies attracts interest quite out of keeping with their economic significance, largely because of the considerable impact their activities have on the cultural life of any community. In Weidenfeld's case the company's affairs attract particular attention because of its proprietor's close connections with the Labour Party's ruling clique – George Weidenfeld was knighted and ennobled by Wilson. Indeed, the company's fortunes have been intimately bound up with the proprietor's enthusiasm for the famous and his grandiose and sometimes injudicious expansion plans.

The seeds of the particular event which precipitated the current crisis were planted 18 months ago when the company embarked on a significant expansion – mainly in the field of illustrated books – which increased the labour force by about one third to 110 and, unless something is done, will have trebled overheads within four years. Such moves are risky in any business but especially so in publishing: it is an industry in which profits are traditionally low but the demand for cash to finance large stocks of books and slow paying customers is high. Risk is increased when expansion is undertaken by a comparatively small private company, with few assets other than its books and authors, and with limited access to new long-term capital.

Much of the expansion has hinged on co-production with American publishers: the rise in the pound has dealt this business a serious blow. Earlier this year Weidenfeld's negotiated a major deal with some American publishers to supply books in 1980. The fixed price contract was agreed in dollars when the exchange rate was \$1.90-£1 and Weidenfeld's were budgeting for inflation of 11 per cent.



Lord Weidenfeld of Chelsea started his publishing career producing a book of Harold Wilson's. Have the Labour connection and grandiose ambitions helped to cause his company's financial problems?

The rise in the pound and a 17 per cent rise in costs have wiped out the considerable profit which was expected from the business and some of it has been cancelled.

In addition the profits on a contract with Marks and Spencer to supply eight new titles next year have also been threatened by inflation. Unwilling to increase their 1980 retail prices beyond budget, M & S have cut back the programme from 8 to 4 books. To make matters worse, throughout this year the company's debt to the bank has risen sharply as stocks were built up so that higher interest charges have eaten into profits which were already under pressure: profit and cash flow difficulties have converged. With all co-production work accounting for half of profits and £1 million worth of unprofitable future sales abandoned, the company has neither the time nor resources to build up new areas of profit, increasing the pressure for redundancies, a cutback in commissioning and other general savings.

That the company signed these contracts with the Americans taking such a risk on inflation and the exchange rate seems astonishing, but managing director Christopher Falkus says one can only see the mistake with hindsight; the contract was standard in publishing and the company have always paid in dollars.

In understanding how such an event could have had a significant impact on Weidenfeld's it is necessary to know more about the way the company has been run in recent years. The decision to expand in illustrated books, for instance, was Lord Weidenfeld's alone. Many of his colleagues, including Falkus, advised against. It seemed to be based on Weidenfeld's ambition to see his company grow without considering the financial implications.

One of the tricks of publishing is to keep a delicate balance between current books which

make immediate profits and those which will pay off in years to come and, if the company has any cultural pretensions, to use the profits of the potboilers to finance some serious publishing. From the outside it looks as though Lord Weidenfeld has been more inclined to dissipate the profits by publishing the undistinguished works of his friends.

LORD WEIDENFELD – THE GREAT party giver, jetting around the world, signing up statesmen and politicians to write books for him, is a glamorous enough image, but it has to be paid for. His friendship with Labour politicians stretches back a long way – the first book he ever published was *A New Deal for Coal* by Oxford don Harold Wilson – but increasingly in recent years the pleasure he takes in their company, and that of other famous people is only matched by the ingenuity with which he thinks of books for them to write. A few years ago, for example, he asked his secretary to invite Mrs Williams round to discuss a possible book. Looking out of his window on the appointed day, Weidenfeld saw to his horror Shirley Williams arriving, but by the time she reached his room he had smoothed over the error by thinking of three books for the Labour minister to write.

Such actions become more than amusing eccentricities when they involve the company in paying generous advances for books which have little chance of justifying such outlay. For instance, since the May election he has offered a £30,000 advance to Michael Foot, £10,000 to Elwyn Jones and only £8,000 to Roy Hattersley. More extravagantly he has paid \$119,000 to Times Newspapers as part of the \$364,000 advance Times have given Henry Kissinger for his memoirs. Weidenfeld are printing 10,000 copies of the book at £14.95 each. It will be hard to make much profit on such a deal.

For Wilson's *A Prime Minister on Prime Ministers* in a complex deal Weidenfeld with Michael Joseph gave a £75,000 advance. The book sold 20,000 copies, with a further 65,000 through a book club deal but the overall profit was little more than £2,000. Wilson is now being offered a further £4,000 advance for a book on Gilbert and Sullivan and a book on the Middle East is planned. Sir Harold was also given another £20,000 advance for his book *Final Term* on Labour 74-76. Lord Weidenfeld himself defends his

policy saying that overall the political books have been profitable, some spectacularly so.

Weidenfeld's commissioning policy has stretched farther afield than this. He paid \$19,000 for *Anyone's Daughter*, an American book about Patty Hearst which sold less than a thousand copies. David Frost managed to convince Weidenfeld to buy a book on Iran called *Crossroads of Civilisation*, to be bought for £100,000 on the understanding there was to be a TV tie-in with Frost fronting a History of Persia. When the programme did not get off the ground, Falkus negotiated the contract down to £25,000; the book flopped.

Travelling around the world and entertaining by Lord Weidenfeld costs the company over £45,000 a year, on top of his salary of £29,000. In the current retrenchment it is proposed to cut these back by some 30 per cent. However, only last week a large party was held to launch Dr Kissinger's book – weeks before publication and attended largely by the politically famous.

Such a management style can have a depressing effect on the morale of those who work for such entrepreneurs, especially when Weidenfeld's whimsical generosity does not extend to them. His acquaintance with long-

standing but junior members of staff is perfunctory. He virtually opposed the National Union of Journalists chapel being founded at the company in 1975, giving in when his authors, led by Marcia Williams, backed the workers. Even now Weidenfeld's wages are well down the NUJ's league table of salaries in publishing. Whether the current difficulties will make Lord Weidenfeld change his ways has yet to be seen but so far the omens are not promising: he has (unsuccessfully) canvassed the publicity director to see whether some of his expenses can be transferred to the publicity department.

EDUCATION Rick Rogers

Tories set to rush through a muddled, unconsidered Education Bill Rich pickings for rich parents

THE TORIES' new Education Bill is much as threatened. It seeks to abolish the statutory duty on local authorities to provide school milk, meals at a set price and level of nutritional value, and transport; to launch a scheme for assisted places in September 1981 (at a total annual cost of £55 million at today's prices, for 12 to 15 thousand children a year); to reorganise school governing bodies; to juggle with the issue of parental choice of school; and to change the rules on how local authorities can close schools. But apart from being one of the meanest of recent educational developments, the bill is also muddled.

The number of children eligible for free school meals will be halved – from 1.1 million to under 600,000 – by linking eligibility 'to any pupil whose parents are in receipt of supplementary benefit or family income supplement so as to ensure that such provision is made for him in the middle of the day as appears to the authority to be requisite'. Mr Carlyle has apparently not considered how children who take up free meals in future will become even more humiliatingly conspicuous – whatever administrative arrangements are made in the schools.

Parents – and teachers – will be guaranteed fewer seats on school governing bodies than even the previous Labour Education Bill allowed. Pupils will not get a look in. Local authorities will keep a tight grip on the running of schools. Many parents will find their new freedom to 'choose' their children's schools severely curtailed by the cutbacks in free transport and other aid, and inevitably by the larger number of school closures which are now pending. Not just cross-boundary admissions but cross-town admissions will be the privilege of the better-off parents. Assuming they miss out on an assisted place, they should still be able to opt out of the neighbourhood comprehensive with some ease, making that relatively new animal an endangered species in some areas.

The proposal for local appeal committees for parents dissatisfied with a school place also needs holding up to the light: local authorities will decide who sits on the committees and so will have power to judge any appeals made against their own decisions. They will be able quite simply to confirm what is or is not an efficient use of their resources and whether their own 11-plus selection procedures have been fair. The Bill also states that the appeal committee's decision will be final. Parents would still be able to appeal to the Secretary of State, saying the local authority is acting unreasonably, under section 68 of the 1944

Education Act (a thousand parents a year currently do so), or of course take the matter to court. But if the Secretary of State subsequently declares the local appeal committee to be the sole rightful arbiter, parents will be left with even less 'choice' than they have now.

Labour's education spokesman Neil Kinnock views the package as 'a Bill about cuts'. As such, he proposes to flood the Commons committee stage of the Bill (likely to begin in two weeks) with details about the cuts – aiming not just to change some of the more offensive clauses, but also to initiate a further full scale debate on the Government's public spending policy. Certainly some of the clauses have been 'lifted' out of the previous Labour Bill – for example, some on school government, on industrial scholarships, on grants for the teaching of Welsh, and on arrangements for nursery teachers to operate in day nurseries – and will justify little discussion. But there is already talk of all-night sittings as the Opposition intends to challenge almost every other clause, either for more detailed definition or for outright objection. But while Labour hopes to win some changes, they know their power to delay is limited.

The Tories want to get the Bill on the statute book by the end of the year – still firm in the belief that local authorities can save £220 million on the basis of the meals and transport clauses. That leaves, at most, only eight Commons committee sessions in which to debate the Bill. The previous Labour 30-clause Education Bill had run for 19 sessions and reached clause 23 before it was lost when the Government fell. The Tories' 38-clause Bill is more controversial and thus more 'debatable'. So it is likely that the Tories will guillotine proceedings early on to meet their end-of-year deadline – possibly even before the meals and transport clauses (numbers 22 and 23) are debated.

The Government's *final* deadline must be the end of February. By that time, local authorities should have presented their budget estimates and set their rate precepts for the coming year. If the Bill isn't through by then, and authorities have not allowed for their statutory duty to provide 'meals and wheels' for pupils, they will be in breach of the law.

Police ignored brutality

INTERVIEWS WITH pupils who attended the Newlands special school in Ealing, West London – where the head has been accused of brutality against the pupils over a ten-year

period – include allegations that the local police witnessed many of the incidents of violence on the pupils, but failed to take any action.

The head, Mr Arthur Llewellyn-Hodge, resigned following press allegations of his conduct. This week, the Ealing education committee recommended that the school be closed permanently following an inquiry by the council's education officer.

Several pupils recall the Christmas when Hodge and a policeman called Claridge went for a drink at the Bridge Hotel. Says one: 'Hodge came back very drunk and as I was going home with the other children, he picked up the empty bottles of milk from the crate by the gate and started throwing them at us. Some broke and some hit the pupils . . . Claridge was there'.

The children's statements (all taken individually and in private with the parents as witnesses) reveal an extended and frequent sequence of beatings, assaults and insults by the head – and a lack of action by council officials and the police. One girl pupil left the school after the head had hit her with a hammer: 'We were all in assembly . . . all the teachers were there. Suddenly Hodge shouted at me, "Get out of the hall, black bastard." I started arguing with him. I was walking to the door when he rushed up to me. He picked up a heavy hammer . . . kicked the door shut on my left wrist and banged the hammer down on to the junction of my left wrist and hand . . . My friend walked me to the police station. I went in on my own. The man on the desk took a statement which I signed . . . Later the same day the same policeman phoned me from the school and said: "Hodge has denied that he hit you. The only thing we can suggest is that if your hand has not gone down in a few days, you take out a private summons against him."'.

The recently formed Newlands Action Committee, together with the council's Labour opposition, are calling for an independent public enquiry. They fear that the council is attempting to cover up its own failure to act earlier. The number of children at the school declined dramatically from 50 to the six who began there this September. Child guidance staff stopped referring children to the school in 1978. Yet pupils were still allowed to attend. One of them recalls: 'If you did not eat dinners, he would put hot food in the fridge and salads in the oven and say: "You see, I always give you a hot dinner" . . . Once he took away all the tables and we had to sit on the floor and eat our dinners one at a time with no knives or forks.'



Avoidable hazard.

Britain is on the brink of self-sufficiency in oil. But let's not go overboard.

Output from present North Sea oilfields is expected to reach a peak sometime in the mid-80s. If no new fields are discovered, output will fall off quickly and there'll be a widening gap between production and demand.

It's a very real hazard — but an avoidable one.

We need to find more British oil; and soon, because it takes five to seven years to bring new North Sea discoveries into production.

There's almost certainly a great deal

more oil out there. We won't know for sure until we find it, but Mobil (and many other oil companies) are intensifying their exploration efforts.

The Government has challenged the oil companies to deliver the goods — which will stretch all the capital, research and manpower resources the industry can muster. Tomorrow's new fields will probably be smaller than today's, so we'll need a good many more. Finding them will be no mean task.

And whatever the success of exploration, new discoveries won't be enough on their own. Britain needs to

conserve oil as much as she needs to find new supplies. Increasingly, oil will have to be reserved for the jobs it does best: as transport fuel, in petrochemicals and for lubrication.

Self-sufficiency will be a pretty short ride unless exploration is supported by conservation.

If we don't want the ground cut from beneath us, we'd better heed the warning signs now.

Third in a series on energy issues.

Mobil®

Only on threat of prisoners' imminent death is Amnesty Law promulgated **Victory for hunger strikers**

TRAGEDY WAS only just averted in Lisbon on Monday when Justice Minister Pedro Macedo offered major concessions to the resolute hunger strikers of the far left PRP (Partido Revolucionario do Proletariado). Held without trial for periods of up to sixteen months, the jailed PRP members began their hunger strike on 1 October. By last weekend after thirty days without solid food, the condition of the 26 hunger strikers was so serious that they had to be moved from prison medical centres to ordinary civilian hospitals. A good many were so weak that they dozed and slept all the time. And one of their number, Jose Guedes, a diabetic former second lieutenant in the army, was comatose. At an emergency press conference on Monday morning, called by the support committee, the prominent Lisbon doctor Leca da Veiga underlined that death could occur at any moment. Thankfully Justice Minister Macedo does not seem to have gone looking for a second opinion. In direct negotiations with the hunger strikers he indicated that their demands would be met.

The hunger strikers of the PRP are certainly among Europe's brightest and bravest socialists, with a remarkable record of opposition to the Salazar and Caetano regimes as well as a great deal of the credit for nourishing the development of the radical movement inside the army in the wake of the April 1974 coup. Their demands on the present government were very simple. The PRP hunger strikers wanted to be put on trial for their alleged crimes. They wanted the findings of the year-old official investigation into grave allegations of maltreatment following their arrest to be made public. And above all they wanted the promulgation of the Law of Amnesty that Portugal's Parliament has passed not once but twice – but which President Eanes has consistently refused to sign.

The Law of Amnesty relates to political crimes committed on the two decisive days after the coup of 25 April 1974 – on 11 March 1975, when the Left put down Spínola's attempted coup, and on 25 November 1975 when the Left itself was undone. The original intention of the Portuguese government was to enact the law in time for the 25 April celebrations this year.

With support from the Socialist and Communist parties, the law went through Parliament. It then got through the Constitutional Commission and even, miraculously, obtained ratification by the Revolutionary Council. The Right in the army is obsessed with restoring autocratic discipline in the armed forces and, having lost the vote, they sought the ear of President Eanes and persuaded him not to sign the law. Late in July, Parliament again voted by a hefty majority in favour of the law. After this, presidential ratification should have been automatic. It has, simply, been withheld.

Faced this week, however, with the unshakeable determination of the PRP hunger strikers, the government has indicated that the law will be promulgated – and soon. Furthermore, by the New Year, Portugal's democracy will either grant them the luxury of

a trial or their release. And the findings of the inquiry into their allegations will indeed be published.

Among the hunger strikers are two of the PRP's best known leaders, Isabel do Carmo whose baby son is with her in prison and Carlos Antunes, both veterans of the anti-fascist underground. Seized on 20 June 1978, they are accused of 'moral responsibility' for various alleged crimes ranging from 'political' robberies to incitement to break military discipline.

The police do not seem to have amassed any more evidence against them, though they have been in prison for 16 months, other than the uncorroborated statements of one former PRP member. Speaking in London last week, the former general and leader of the 25 April coup Otelio Saraiva de Carvalho, now a member of the hunger strikers' support committee, denounced this cruelty and insisted that the charges were nothing more than a device to damage and discredit a left-wing political party.

The British press, which made such an immense song and dance about the alleged threat to democracy posed by printers on the Portuguese paper *República* wanting a change in editorial direction, has maintained a studious silence about the fate of the Amnesty Law and the plight of people held without trial for months on end. And even Amnesty International, which rushed observers to Lisbon following the 1974 coup to investigate the prison conditions of jailed agents of Salazar and Caetano's secret police, seems reluctant to protest.

Portugal's intellectuals have fortunately not been so reluctant. They staged a 24-hour hunger strike and occupied churches to draw attention to the cause of the jailed hunger strikers. Their efforts have now borne fruit. The hunger strike is over without loss of human life and the government has backed down. Doctors are confident that all the participants will make a full recovery. They would recover best, of course, outside prison walls.

ECONOMIC MONITOR

Edited by David Blackaby

Who's hurt by inflation?

The worst hit by inflation are poor non-home owning households, according to a recent survey of 63,000 American households covering the years 1969-75: the wealth of such households fell by more than any other against the retail price index during these years. But interestingly, inequality of wealth was reduced because poorer households had more debts relative to their assets than rich households and the real value of debt falls during periods of inflation. Second, during the period the value of houses and real estate showed larger increases than any other sorts of assets, so that poorer owner occupiers benefited where housing constituted a larger proportion of their total assets than richer households.

The Distributional Effects of the 1969-75 Inflation on Holdings of Household Wealth in the United States, E. N. Wolff, Review of Income and Wealth, June 1979. (R. J. Apps)

Making economies grow

Is economic growth closely related to the growth of manufacturing output but not the growth of output in other sectors? In manufacturing, does the rate of growth of output determine the rate of growth of productivity and is the growth of the manufacturing labour force partly met by the running down of a pool of under-employed labourers in agriculture, with little effect on output? Recent work has tried to test these propositions with reference to Britain between 1800 and 1970.

Despite problems with lack of data – before 1920 data only exists for ten yearly intervals and information of services is incomplete – the results suggest that growth of manufacturing output *does* have a positive effect on economic growth, though the evidence on non-manufacturing is inconclusive. Export growth seems to determine productivity growth and agriculture has produced a pool of labour for the manufacturing sector.

Kalders Law and British Economic Growth 1800-1970, P. Stoneman, Applied Economics, September 1979.

Big firms are bad for you

American retailers raise meat prices when there have not been corresponding cost increases and secure preferential purchasing arrangements, which reduce their costs, without passing on the savings to customers. These are the conclusions of a recent survey which aimed to discover how the domination of an industry by a few large firms affected prices.

Since 1963, 90 per cent of the increase in price of US beef has been in the wholesale-retail sector of the production process. By 1973 the market was very concentrated with the top four retailers in 23 areas accounting for between 27.7 per cent and 81 per cent (averaging 53 per cent) of the trade. Whether or not the large chains passed on the benefits of the large-scale buying, which gave them cheaper meat than the small shops, depended on the structure of the sector in which they operated. The study calculates that a 10 per cent increase in concentration would cause an increase of over 4 per cent in the retail price margin.

Beef Wholesale-Retail Marketing Margins and Concentration, L. Hall, A. Schmitz and J. Cothorn, Economica, August 1979.

Can the government run a monetary policy?

With a strict monetarist government in power, a timely article contrasts the simple textbook theory of monetary control with the complex reality of UK practice and concludes that it may not be technically possible for governments to reach monetary targets.

In practice governments rely on many more policies than the textbook admits, such as higher interest rates, bank lending directives and the introduction of supplementary special deposits for the banks. But this has problems: if the government cannot sell gilts, it must finance public expenditure by creating more money. Similarly, trying to curb monetary growth by raising interest rates may attract large inflows of foreign capital, which boosts money supply or pushes up the pound, damaging international competitiveness. The authorities' failure to keep to very broad monetary targets in 1976-1978 is some evidence of the technical difficulty in doing the job.

Monetary Targets and Control of the Money Supply, D. Savage, National Institute Review, No 89, August 1979.



All our tomorrows.

Thames Television's peak-time current affairs programme TV EYE returns, to tackle the issues that will shape Britain in the 1980's.

Tonight: The Unkindest Cuts?

Reporters Denis Tuohy and Llew Gardner question

Sir Geoffrey Howe and Denis Healey about the impact of the government spending cuts.

November 8: Jobs Going?

November 15: Nuclear-powered Britain?

TV EYE

returns tonight on Thames at 8.30pm

The men who whitewash Hitler

Academically unnoticed, the pseudo-intellectual Right is creating an under-world of contemporary history. Their claim, pressed with fresh masses of 'evidence', is denial of the Nazi war against the Jews: we, like others, receive numerous mock-scholarly letters, akin to that (below) from Richard Verrall of the National Front. Here GITTA SERENY demolishes the neo-Nazi apologists, together with the commercial frivolity which provides their opportunities.

THERE IS A DEGREE OF indecency in entertaining a dialogue with individuals such as Richard Verrall and those of his persuasion. Nonetheless, it is necessary. We may despise them, but only at our peril do we mock or under-rate them, for the best – or worst – of them lack neither intelligence nor resources. According to the farmer and part-time publisher Robin Beauclerc (one of the original backers of the National Front), whose busy printing press produced not only Verrall's obnoxious pamphlet *Did Six Million Really Die?*, but also A. R. Butz's book *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, almost a million copies of the pamphlet have been distributed in 40 countries. I have seen them myself, as well as the Butz book, in schools, universities and libraries in Western Europe as well as the United States. Notoriously, both have arrived in Australia.

People who consider themselves generally well-informed say: 'But why go on with this ridiculous argument? If there is anything we know, surely, good God, we know about the horrible camps and the six million?' It is not only the World War II generation: an intelligent young person, glancing at the material on my desk, also said: 'But WHY does the NEW STATESMAN give him space? WHY take him seriously? Why spend precious time and space on refuting obvious lies?'

Time and space are indeed precious, and neither writers nor editors should squander them. There are two weighty reasons why one must pursue these debates with the Verralls, the Irvings, the Butzes and their like.

The first is that they are by no means motivated by an ethical or intellectual preoccupation with the historical truth, but rather by precise political aims for the future. As all political philosophies have needed their precursors, and parties their prophets, so they require a model, a hero, and it is of course Hitler whom they need to serve in that role. But, because people in general are good rather than evil, it must be a Hitler shown to have been not only powerful, but moral.

It does not matter that he created a police state – justification can be cobbled up for something which others have also done. It does not matter that he appropriated neighbouring lands and peoples. Ideological and demographic justifications can be devised. And it does not matter that he provoked and fought a bitter war, which cost the lives of millions. Wars have always been fought, they have always cost too many lives, and have always been 'justified'. None of these things, not even the ruthlessness with which he first pursued these aims, detract from Hitler's fitness to be the hero they seek and need.

There is one thing only for which there was no reason of war; no precedent; no justification. One thing of pure evil, and this they cannot afford to accept: the murderous gas-chambers in occupied Poland, the attempt to

Dear Sir,

I do not propose to reply to Dr Gewirtz of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, since he has only been thumbing through his old files again (and pretty dog-eared they must be by now), instead of addressing himself to the real issue.

Much more to the point is to reply to the specific questions put by David Rose. Firstly, a vanished six million Jews is not a "demographic fact". The 1951 *World Almanac* calculates the world Jewish population in 1939 as 16,643,120. But according to figures published in the *New York Times* by Hanson Baldwin and based on U.N. sources, there were between 15 and 18 million Jews in the world in 1948. Allowing for natural increase, that hardly leaves room for six million to have vanished between those years.

As for trial testimonies, so-called "witnesses" testified at Nuremberg that gas chambers were in operation at Belsen, Buchenwald and Dachau. Fifteen years later the Institute of Contemporary History in Munich admitted that no such things existed in those camps. "Gas chambers" had only been used in Poland. That revision reduced to nothing the thousands of "testimonies" and "proofs" of gasings in Germany. Why, therefore, should we accept "testimonies" about Auschwitz or other Polish camps when testimonies about Belsen and Dachau have proved to be worthless lies?

The "still standing camps and crematoria" prove nothing whatever. There is a vast amount of documentation about the construction of crematoria for the purpose of disposing of the dead in the normal way, especially those who died in typhus epidemics, but there is not a single order, invoice, plan or blueprint for a "gas chamber". Neither has any such device been shown to exist.

Yad Vashem, an Israeli Government source, has collected the names of around 2.5 million Jews, not six million. Countless of these are names provided by "friends" who have filled in "testimony sheets" about people with whom they have lost contact. That is not evidence of anything. As for Höss, the commandant of Auschwitz, under torture by the Communists he "confessed" to all sorts of contradictory nonsense, such as that people entered gas chambers saturated with hydrocyanic acid "immediately afterwards" and "while smoking and eating" i.e. without masks. That is quite impossible, and proof positive of the "gas chamber" hoax.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Verrall

Letter to the NEW STATESMAN from the editor of *Spearhead*.

exterminate the Jews.

Time and again in their diatribes – here again in Verrall's letters – regardless of the mountains of evidence, regardless of the living witness, they harp on their obsessional claim: there was no holocaust; there were no gas-chambers, not to speak of. And of course they

return to their polemic about the six million figure, with which they perform degrading mental acrobatics.

THE SECOND REASON why we must come to grips with both the substance and detail of the neo-Nazi claims is that sometimes mistakes have been made, have been given immense publicity, and become part of holocaust lore. At the risk of offence, we must correct and explain these mistakes, in order that they cannot be exploited again.

The likes of Verrall and Butz have shown a considerable talent for mixing truth with lies, by repetitive injecting of some truth into all lies, and lies into the truth. They make astute use of human errors (and of latent prejudice). So, they have succeeded to some extent in exploiting a terrible and astonishing fact, which is that after 35 years and billions of words, confusion still abounds on the subject of Hitler's genocide.

This has never shown up more plainly than in the case of the American television film *Holocaust*. As a member of a BBC panel of the night of its showing, I voiced misgivings about its factual errors, and tried to explain why these would be particularly difficult for the Germans to accept. Via satellite, the producer was more than impatient with my remarks. The film was highly successful, and useful in that it provided an emotional link, for millions of people, with events which many of them had rejected because they were impossible to visualise. But, after much expenditure on research, *Holocaust* could not lay the misunderstandings to rest.

The current argument with Mr Verrall, for example, deals with one main element in this confusion. He makes much of what he calls the 'admission' by the Institute for Contemporary History in Munich that '... no such things (as gas chambers) existed in ... Belsen, Buchenwald and Dachau ... etc etc'.

This so-called 'admission' stems from a letter which the historian Martin Broszat, now Director of the Institute, addressed in 1962 to the weekly *Die Zeit*. Professor Broszat remembers the letter well – 'How could I forget it? Neo-Nazi and far-right publications have used it out of context ever since ...'

The letter was written in yet another attempt – many have been made, by many people – to set the record straight. What Broszat was trying to do, he explains

was to hammer home, once more, the persistently ignored or denied difference between concentration and extermination camps; the fundamental distinction between the methodical mass murder of millions of Jews in the *extermination* camps in occupied Poland on the one hand, and on the other the individual disposals of *concentration* camp inmates in Germany – not necessarily, or even primarily Jews – who were no longer useful as workers.

Most of the concentration camps in Germany proper had no gas chambers. Dachau had one which was never used. 'Mathausen, Natzweiler, had one. Sachsenhausen, too, I think', says Broszat. 'They used them towards the end, to replace the shootings and injections of small groups of prisoners, which had become so demoralizing for the staff.'

HOW IS IT THEN that the myth of gassing in the camps in Germany has been so universally accepted, thereby providing the neo-Nazis with their most treasured ammunition (the opportunity to refute what was never the case)? The explanation is both simple and infinitely complex.

German concentration camps, set up at first as SS-controlled detention centres for political, criminal and religious dissidents, and for sexual deviants and Jews, were neither then nor later *primarily* used for the imprisonment of Jews.

After 1940, as the need arose for an immense work-force for the war industries, the small penal camps, until then used only for Germans, Austrians and Czechs (including Jews from those countries) grew into huge installations with many hundreds of thousands of Russians, Poles and 'undesirables' from occupied Western Europe making up a vast slave-labour population.

Harshness of treatment varied between categories of prisoners. The German criminals were usually at the top of the camp hierarchy. 'Political' were in the middle, followed by religious and sexual deviants; with the Poles, the Russians and the Jews – in that order – at the bottom.

Millions of people died in these concentration-plus-labour camps: some – the most publicised – by torture, brutality or hideous medical experiments. But far more of them died from sickness and disease.

These were the camps that all Germans knew about and dreaded. These were the corpses found by the horrified Allied armies as they entered Germany. These made the photos and films we have principally seen. These emaciated skeletons, some still somehow upright, some lying on bunks in stupor, still others piled in naked, tumbled heaps ready for burning – these are the images that haunt us.

These people died by the million, but they were not 'exterminated' in the sense that the Nazis made uniquely their own. These camps had gas-oven crematoria, to dispose of the bodies. The chimneys belched out the smell of burning flesh, and the guards, in threat or mockery, told the prisoners: 'The only way you'll get out of here is through the chimneys'.

'Gassing' had been a part of the vocabulary in central Europe, and particularly in Germany proper, since the Nazis' destruction by gas of 80,000 physically and mentally handicapped people (children and adults) between 1939 and 1941. Thus, when sick or disabled prisoners in the German camps disappeared, when the chimneys smoked, and prisoner-workers reported that those missing had 'gone into the gas' – this was among men and women living in constant, deadly fear – it was not hard for 'gassing' to become a general term, used without much distinction.

The Allied troops who entered the camps had no idea what 'gassing' really was. All they knew was what they saw or heard about: the skeletons, some gaschambers, and hundreds of thousands of agonised tales and memories. As a welfare officer with UNRRA in 1945-6, I saw many of those sights, heard many of those tales, and tried to visualise those fear-some memories.

AND THEN THERE was Auschwitz, and later Majdanek: the two, the *only* two, where the Nazis combined enormous labour installations and nearby facilities for extermination.

Auschwitz, because so many people survived it, has added most to our knowledge, but also most to our confusion as between the two types of camps. What exactly was Auschwitz, which has become for many people the symbol-word for the whole Nazi horror?

It was, above all, by 1943 the largest slave-labour camp the Nazis had, with a population of 100,000 workers who were treated worse than animals, and whose expectation of life varied between ten days – if they were Jews or Russians – and a few weeks or months. Until spring 1942 it was just a small workcamp, with only the most rudimentary gassing installation. Then, I. G. Farben began to build a synthetic fuel and rubber factory – the 'Bunawerke' – on the adjacent marches, and ever-larger numbers of slave-labourers were dragged in, to build and then to operate it.

It was under the cover of constructing the Bunawerke that the Nazis made the slaves build the gaschambers at Birkenau, in a wooded area three miles from the main camp, called Camp II. It was here that, mainly in 1943, the 'selected' – mostly Jews, and some Russians – were brought from the railway sidings several miles away, and from the main camp. Also from Camp I, uniquely, came thousands of sick and feeble: not, for some mysterious reason, to die at once, but to be kept in utter squalor, virtually without rations, until they finally slipped away.

By the autumn of 1944, just over 700,000 Jews had died in the gaschambers at Birkenau (Camp II), and 20,000 Russians had been killed, but not gassed (that method was reserved for Jews). And by the time of liberation, 146,200 more Jews and several hundred thousand others had died of overwork and disease in Camp I.

Richard Verrall, busy with his vile numbers game, asserts that the confessions of Rudolf

Höss, commandant of Auschwitz, were obtained 'under torture' in Poland, were 'non-sense' and are thus 'proof positive' of a hoax.

Whatever may be said about Höss, his role and his later manic pretensions, what really counts is that his statements to the American psychiatrist Dr G. M. Gilbert at Nuremberg were made *before* he was handed over to Poland, and that he said at Nuremberg almost exactly what he said in Poland – including two sets of estimates for the dead at Auschwitz. The second figure he cited each time, a total of about 1.3 million dead, comes very close to Gerald Reitlinger's most careful estimate: 700,000 Jews gassed in Camp II, and 500,000 prisoners (including 146,000 Jews) dead from exhaustion and disease in Camp I.

But this is in a sense beside the point, because Verrall and Butz, while trying to discredit Höss, cite him whenever they hope to make a point. As they totally deny the existence of the other extermination camps in occupied Poland, Auschwitz is something of a beam in their eye. But it is important for those of us interested in the truth to recall that Auschwitz, despite its emblematic name, was *not* primarily an extermination camp for Jews, and is not the central case through which to study extermination policy.

THE FIRST MASS MURDERS occurred while Auschwitz was still a penal labour-camp: they followed the 'Commissar Order' of March and July 1941, which commanded the liquidation of Soviet political commissars, gypsies, racial inferiors, 'asocials' and Jews. These killings – and none of the neo-Nazis have much to say about them – were presented as para-military operations. The hundreds of thousands of naked men, women and

1. Gerald Reitlinger, *The Final Solution*, Vallentine Mitchell.



Michael Bennett

children who were shot on the edge of mass graves were described, even to their murderers the *Einsatzgruppen*, as 'partisans' and 'bandits'.

But the *Einsatzgruppen* actions showed the Nazis that this pseudo-military method could not work for the great masses of Jews yet to be dealt with. As we know from hundreds of statements by German witnesses in the *Einsatzgruppen* trials in West Germany, the killings put an intolerable strain on personnel – despite liberal supplies of alcohol and sex – and provoked protests from the Wehrmacht.

However, the Nazis had a tested solution at hand. Of the 80,000 unwanted people killed in the 'Euthanasia Programme' some (but only small children) had been killed by injections in special hospital wards. Most had died in gas chambers in the Euthanasia Institutes. Over 400 men and women – police, medical and administrative staff, under the direct authority of the Führer-Chancellery, in Department T-4 – had done these murders.

Here was a technique, and a staff to operate it. The 'specialists' who had been prepared to kill helpless Germans and Austrians could safely be entrusted with the slaughter of millions of Jews and thousands of gypsies: eradicating, as Hitler put it, 'the bacilli on the body politic of the German race'.

Mr Verrall complains that among the vast documentation surviving 'there is not a single order . . . etc for a "gas chamber"'. Typically, neo-Nazi diatribes claim that there is no record of the vast transportation arrangements which would have been required to carry out an extermination programme.

Few of those who read this rubbish have an opportunity to examine the record themselves. But anyone who has actually worked in the archives is familiar with the hundreds of railway signals which survive, describing with horrible monotony the destination and contents of the trains to Sobibor and Treblinka.

And all researchers are only too familiar with the countless documents, 'orders, invoices, plans', and indeed 'blueprints' concerning precisely the construction of gas-chambers.

One of the documents (N. O. 365), the earliest I know of concerning gassing camps (and significantly linking them to T-4) is dated 25 October 1941, and states that 'Victor Brack (Chief of Section II of T-4) is ready to collaborate in the installation of the necessary buildings and gassing machinery . . .' The long-ish letter, which concerns camps to be erected in Riga and Minsk, is quite explicit in the use the equipment is to be put to.

Thus between December 1941 and April 1942 ninety-six of Brack's T-4 men were posted to Occupied Poland and the 'Aktion Reinhard' (named after Reinhard Heydrich, killed in Czechoslovakia). They were assigned to the four specialised extermination camps, which were Chelmno, Belzec, Sobibor and Treblinka. These had been built under the command of the SS chief in Lublin, Odilo Globocnik.

THESE WERE NOT concentration or labour camps. The facilities provided housing for just a few German Waffen-SS, less than 100 Baltic or Ukrainian SS overseers, and a constantly-changing group of a few 'work-Jews'. Although millions arrived, no-one else lived long enough to eat, wash or sleep. These were meticulously-planned killing-plants. The official Polish estimates (which probably err on

the conservative side) are that 2,000,000 Jews and 52,000 gypsies, at least one-third of them children, were killed in these four installations between December 1941 and October 1943. Of all those who reached them, 82 survived.

I am able to bear some witness to these events. My knowledge comes from research I did for my book *Into That Darkness*², the story of Franz Stangl, commandant of Treblinka. I talked with Stangl for weeks in prison; I



GITTA SERENY has been a pioneer in investigating Nazi genocides. Her book *Into That Darkness* is a study (based on personal interviews) of Franz Stangl, commandant of Treblinka, and the origins of the death-camp programme.

talked to others who worked under him, and to their families. I talked to people who, otherwise uninvolved, witnessed these events in Poland. And I talked to a few of those very few who survived.

Butz claims in his *Hoax* that those (hundreds) who admitted taking part in extermination were doing so as plea-bargaining, in order to get lighter sentences. But those I talked to had been tried. Many had served their sentences, and none of them had anything to gain – except shame – by what they told me. Stangl himself wanted only to talk, and then to die. And Stangl is dead. But if Verrall, Butz & Co were really interested in the truth, Stangl's wife, and many other witnesses are still able to testify.

The 'Aktion Reinhard' camps existed for one purpose only, totally unconnected with any requirement of war, and they were totally eradicated when their purpose was served. The buildings were pulled down, and trees were planted in the earth which had become so rich. Thirty-five years later they have grown tall. A letter from Globocnik to Himmler survives, dated Trieste 5 January 1944, and carefully phrased:

For reasons of surveillance a small farm has been built on the site of each of the (former) camps, to be occupied by a farmer to whom an annuity must be assured in order to encourage him to maintain the farm . . .

In his own letter of commendation to Globocnik, dated 30 November 1943 Himmler used his pet name for Globocnik:

Dear Globus,
I confirm your letter of 4.11.43 and your report on the completion of the Aktion Reinhardt (sic) . . . I want to express to you my gratitude and appreciation for the great and unique services you have rendered the whole of the German people by carrying through the Aktion Reinhardt.

Heil Hitler!

Cordially yours, H.H.

HERE, THEN, IS THE TRUTH for those who desire knowledge. Within one terrible universe of oppression and death – known to us through words like Belsen, Natzhausen, Dachau – there was another universe, of methodically crazy slaughter of an unprecedented kind – the place-names being Chelmno, Belzec, Sobibor and Treblinka. Auschwitz, the most-cited, was a complex,

transitional example. There are reasons why the worst names are least cited: one, complex in its roots, is that the Third Reich tried to present its (marginally) less hideous face towards the West, and the western armies never reached the territory of the death-camps. And well-run extermination camps leave few survivors to tell their stories.

The situation therefore presents some possibilities for confusion to pseudo-historians and neo-Nazi apologists. And they are assisted further by the fact that events of such magnitude lend themselves to dramatic 'use', are therefore used, and not-infrequently misused. In turn the Verralls and Butzes can allege that all such misuses are part of a 'Zionist' conspiracy.

It is vital for them to believe that anyone who is involved with this question must be Jewish, and thus unreliable. This to begin with, is nonsense: (a) many of the leading authorities on the Third Reich are not Jewish, and (b) many of those who are, are as abject as anyone can be. (In their anti-semitic outpourings, these individuals never refer to 'Jews', but almost invariably to 'Zionists'. They know that 35 years after Hitler many people will not accept the attack on 'Jews', but many be persuaded by the more 'political' label 'Zionist'. Of course, many Jews are not Zionists.)

But it is true that, along with many authentic works, there have been books or films which were only partly true, or even were partly faked. And unfortunately, even reputable historians often fail in their duty of care. For instance Martin Gilbert (biographer of Churchill) offers in *Final Journey*³ what is in many ways an admirably-presented resumé of what happened to the European Jews.

But by quoting supposed 'eyewitnesses' who in fact are repeating hearsay, Gilbert perpetuates errors which – because they are so easily disproved – provide revisionists' opportunities. For instance, from his chapter *The Treblinka Deathcamp*: none of the 'Nazis in the camp . . . lived in the camp together' with their families; SS Hauptsturmführer von Eupen was never commandant of Treblinka, but of the nearby training-camp Trawniki; the 'cries of the victims and the weeping of the children' could *not* be heard in the neighbouring villages, for with good reason the murderers ensured there were no villages within miles; and the Germans did *not* bring 'the most famous musicians in the world from the Warsaw ghetto' to 'play when the transports arrived'. There *were* such orchestras, for instance at Auschwitz, which played when the slave-labourers marched to and from work. But there was no need for such a thing at any pure extermination camp.

David Irving's *Hitler's War* falls into the category of 'partly true'. It had some interesting historical material, but sold (admirably) both here and overseas because of its bold and spurious claim that Hitler himself was largely unaware of the 'Final Solution'. Such books do better than, for example, Helen Fein's scholarly socio-history *Accounting for Genocide*⁴, which is surely essential for any serious researcher. But this is an area in which commercially-motivated rubbish can have terrible long-term consequences.

'Personal' accounts, such as the recently-published *Dora*⁵, heavily-publicised in the *Guardian* are not rubbish in themselves.

2. André Deutsch/Picador, £1.50.

3. George Allen & Unwin, £7.95.

Jean Michel, no doubt at all, was a labourer at the terrible slave-camp in the Harz Mountains where the V-weapons were built. The problem with books like this is that they are 'ghosted' by professional wordsmiths – the French are especially adept – who have neither interest in nor capacity for conveying truth with restraint. It is less the exaggerations than the false emphases and cheap humour which disqualify them.

WORSE AGAIN are the partial or complete fakes, such as Jean Francois Steiner's *Treblinka*⁶ or Martin Gray's *For Those I Loved*⁷. Steiner's book on the surface even seems right: he is a man of talent and conviction, and it is hard to know how he could go so wrong. But what he finally produced was a hodgepodge of truth and falsehood, libelling both the dead and the living. The original French book had to be withdrawn and re-issued with all names changed. But it retained its format of imagined conversations and reactions – ie pure fiction – incredibly remaining, nonetheless, in serious bibliographies.

Gray's *For Those I Loved* was the work of Max Gallo the ghostwriter, who also produced *Papillon*. During the research for a *Sunday Times* inquiry into Gray's work, M. Gallo informed me coolly that he 'needed' a long chapter on Treblinka because the book required something strong for pulling in readers. When I myself told Gray, the 'author', that he had manifestly never been to, nor escaped from Treblinka, he finally asked, despairingly: 'But

does it matter?' Wasn't the only thing that Treblinka *did* happen, that it *should* be written about, and that some Jews should be shown to have been heroic?

It happened, and indeed many Jews were heroes. But untruth always matters, and not just because it is unnecessary to lie when so much terrible truth is available. Every falsification, every error, every slick re-write job is an advantage to the neo-Nazis.

One other thing assists the revisionists: many Jews, including survivors from the Warsaw Ghetto and Treblinka, are unwilling to bear witness and expose people like Gray for what they are. Understandably, they do not wish to bring back their fearsome experiences into the lives they have rebuilt. Tragically, they fear renewed anti-semitism.

TO RETURN TO BRITAIN, now sadly enough a kind of neo-Nazi centre: who are the 'growing number of academic and public figures' whom Richard Verrall cites (NS Letters 21 September) as moving towards his position? I think David Irving's silly claim has been adequately dealt with in the *Sunday Times*, and he at least did not deny that the murders occurred.

The Australian lawyer John Bennett has been dealt with adequately by Ken Buckley (NS 5 October) and may be left to his fellow Australians. Robert Faurisson, an associate professor of Literature at Lyons, author of some light literary guides (*As t'on lu Rimbaud* etc) is certainly a study: I had a long telephone conversation with him recently in which he sought an urgent meeting with me, on the grounds that the 'artistry' of my work *Into That Darkness* had produced 'final proof that

the gas-chambers never existed'. The mechanism of double-think is admittedly fascinating.

A principal authority for Verrall is Paul Rassinier, whose work has been well-described by Raul Hilberg as 'a mixture of error, fantasy and fabrication'. Rassinier, now dead, *was* a historian and *was* for a while imprisoned at Buchenwald. But neither of those facts place him necessarily on the side of the angels: when he sued for defamation, a writer who said that he had made common cause with neo-Nazis, the allegation was found proved.

And the 'respected German historian Helmut Diwald' is in fact just that. His field, however, is the period from Charlemagne to Wallenstein (the Thirty Years' War), and when his *Geschichte der Deutschen* (History of the Germans) appeared early this year, his chapter on the Third Reich was almost universally found to be defective and incomplete. The publishers withdrew the book: issuing jointly with Diwald an apology and a promise that a new edition would deal 'unequivocally... with the persecution and murder of the Jews in the Third Reich'.

Finally, A. R. Butz, who is an associate professor of engineering at Northwestern University, Illinois. His *Hoax of the Twentieth Century* makes, as Hugh Trevor-Roper observed 'a great parade of scholarship (but)... most of the book is irrelevant, and the central issue is evaded.' Northwestern's admirable response was to initiate, in the year Butz's tirade reached the US, first a course and then a summerschool on their own campus, dealing with the facts of the holocaust. Always, the proper reply to these dishonourable men begins with knowledge.

4. Collier-Macmillan, London.
5. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.50.
6. Weidenfeld & Nicolson/Corgi.
7. Bodley Head.



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Right-wing disillusionment with the Likud has led to a dangerous alliance **Israel's new fascists**

IN AN UNPRECEDENTED slap in the face for the Likud government and Israel's settlement lobby, the High Court of Justice in Jerusalem last week ordered the dismantling of the Gush Emunim outpost at Eilon Moreh, near Nablus on the West Bank. The court threw out the state's defence that the site had been chosen for 'security reasons' and ruled that political considerations had been primary. The government announced at once that it would honour the decision and not attempt to pass any retroactive legislation invalidating it. The settlers and their supporters were not cowed. Not only would they not evacuate Eilon Moreh, they declared, but they would also step up their struggle for massive Jewish civilian presence in the West Bank, on the basis of historic rights and not for spurious reasons of national security.

The new 'Renaissance' party, born this month on the far right of the Israeli political spectrum, will play a crucial role in that struggle. One of its central figures, Moshe Shamir, who is a member of the Israeli parliament, burst through a road block in the heart of the West Bank on 15 October. He was on his way, he told the soldiers, to express his solidarity with some Jewish settlers who were encamped on a nearby hill in protest against the government's decision to refrain from seizing private Arab land.

The party, which in Hebrew is called the Tehiya, the precise equivalent of the Syrian and Iraqi Ba'ath, may form one of the greatest dangers Israel's usually robust democratic structure has ever had to face. Its members come from Gush Emunim (the settlement lobby people, largely religious with a touch of the wandervogels), the secularist and 'intellectual' Land of Israel movement, 'loyalists' of Begin's Herut party (who find the Prime Minister has mixed too much of the water of pragmatism with the pure milk of revisionist Zionism) and a few country folk whose socialism is confined to one Kibbutz and belief in a greater Israel between the country's usefully flexible historic borders. On the basis of a ragbag 'ideology' of religious motivation, uncompromising nationalism and amateur geopolitics, the party's political demands include Israeli sovereignty over the occupied territories, the halting of the peace process with Egypt, and the 'resettlement' of Palestinian refugees in neighbouring Arab countries. And it hopes that in the next Knesset elections – scheduled for 1981 but which could well come earlier – to win 20 out of the house's 120 seats. It is confident, brash and extremely worrying.

In many ways this new apparition on the Right is the inevitable result of the victory of a right-wing coalition that has had to compromise with its 'principles'. Begin wanted to apply sovereignty to the West Bank and Gaza; he would also have been happy to 'resettle' refugees but came up with 'autonomy' instead, and before its surprise victory at the polls there were few who would have predicted that the Likud would be the party to return Sinai to Egypt, even in exchange for peace with the largest and most powerful of Israel's Arab neighbours. But the emergence of Tehiya is also a delayed action result of the social and political processes that have changed Israel

since the 1967 war – those same processes that brought the Likud to power.

Shamir, a loud and bull-necked man who is one of the Knesset's most vociferous hecklers, provides a classic case study in the transition, via deep crisis, from Left to extreme Right. Weaned on the Marxist-Zionist ideology of the Hashomer Hatzair Kibbutz movement, he turned, in the heady aftermath of the Six Days War, into one of the most vigorous proponents of the 'greater Israel' idea, forsaken for 30 years by those who believed that partition was the answer to the Arab Zionist conflict. A fine writer – perhaps the finest – of the 'palmach' generation that fought in 1948, Shamir was joined by other stalwarts from the old Zionist Left, like (Nobel Prize winner) S.Y. Agnon.

To complete the new alliance there were old favourites from the extreme Right, political pariahs for three decades – Dr Israel Eldad, the one-time ideologue of the Stern gang, and Nationalist poet Uri Zvi Greenburg ('And there will be a day when from the River of Egypt to the Euphrates/And from the sea to beyond Moab my young warriors will ascend/And they will call my enemies and haters to the last battle/And blood will decide who is the only ruler here'.) The other major contributor, Gush Emunim ('The Bloc of the Faithful') was formed in 1974 in response to Henry Kissinger's forceful handling of the disengagement agreements with Syria and Egypt. The movement first achieved prominence with its demonstrations against his missions, portraying the Secretary of State as the

quintessence of Western pragmatism and a betrayer of 'Jewish' values. Until the Tehiya Party emerged this month, after protracted negotiations with its new allies, the Gush's leaders had preferred to stay out of party politics, acting (often highly effectively) as a pressure group, using and being used by their mentors and supporters in the Cabinet. Now the whole gang, pushed to beyond the limits of despair by Begin's pragmatism, is to go to the hustings, a potential parliamentary force that could reshape Israeli political life.

Will Tehiya remain a lunatic fringe or does it form a real danger? The Arabic press in East Jerusalem was quick to claim that the party represents the unfulfilled desires of the Begin government – on settlement of the Palestinian question and historic rights. Will the National Religious Party – which threatens regularly to leave the Likud coalition because of insufficient progress on West Bank settlement – lose the support of Gush Emunim to the party of rebirth? Could not Tehiya find a leader in Ariel Sharon, the hawkish Minister of Agriculture, who might, it is true, feel uncomfortable with the finer points of its spirituality, but would surely be at home with its secular extremism? And, perhaps most important of all, will the social tension and economic uncertainty of three-figure inflation drive those – the underprivileged mass of oriental Jews – who brought Begin into power in 1977, into the arms of a new and determined little party prepared to translate the moral fervour of religion and nationalism into electoral power?

Tory Budget made the poor poorer

Ruth Lister writes: The chief conclusion of Peter Townsend's *Poverty Report* (NS 26 October), that poverty has to be understood as a 'particular consequence of actions by the rich to preserve and enhance their wealth and so deny it to others', could have been written with the Conservative government's first Budget in mind. According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was to be 'an opportunity Budget... designed to give the British people a greater opportunity than they have had for years to win higher standards of living'. But now that its impact on incomes has been thoroughly analysed*, we can see that the opportunities of the rich have been enhanced at the expense of the poor. Moreover, the 'Party of the Family' has succeeded in diminishing the opportunities of families with

children considerably more than those without.

At the end of the Budget debate, the Chancellor assured the House of Commons that 'No Budget has done more to help the low paid'. He did not produce any figures to support this contention and his own replies to parliamentary questions later contradicted it. The 15 per cent of taxpayers whose incomes were sufficiently low for them to pay tax at the lowest rate received only 2.8 per cent of the £3,570 million hand-out, he admitted, while the 5.5 per cent of wealthiest taxpayers received 38 per cent. Calculations by Louie Burghes show that about three in five two-child working families are now *worse off* (see Table Two). The family on half average earnings has lost 89p a week; the family on twice average earnings has gained £3.10.

Much was made of the fact that 1,300 people were lifted out of the tax net by the increase in the tax threshold. But 700,000 of these lucky low-paid workers were only in the tax net in the first place because of the effects of inflation and the Labour

①Percentage gains in net income from cuts in direct taxation to families of different sizes and incomes.

a) Column 'a' shows the gains from the June Budget alone. Column 'b' shows the total gains from this year's tax cuts, including the 9 per cent index-linked increase in personal allowances announced by the last Government in its caretaker Budget.

b) The figures are based on a calculation of one-earner families' net earnings (after tax and national insurance) plus child benefit, FIS and the value of free school meals, work expenses of £2.45 and rent and rates of £7.40 for a single person or childless couple, £8.50 for a one-child couple and £8.90 for a two- or three-child couple, less any rent and rate rebate due.

Gross earnings relative to average male earnings	Single person		Couple		Couple with one child		Couple with two children		Couple with three children	
	a %	b %	a %	b %	a %	b %	a %	b %	a %	b %
1/2	3.4	7.7	2.8	6.6	2.4	5.7	2.1	5.0	1.9	3.6
1/3	4.0	8.2	3.6	8.2	3.4	7.7	3.1	7.2	2.9	6.7
average	4.2	8.5	3.9	8.4	3.7	8.0	3.5	7.6	3.3	7.2
1 1/2	4.4	8.2	4.2	8.1	4.0	7.9	3.9	7.6	3.8	7.3
2	7.0	10.6	5.6	9.4	5.5	9.2	5.3	8.9	5.2	8.7

government's caretaker Budget had already restored the real value of the personal allowances in line with the Rooker-Wise amendment. Only 27 per cent of Sir Geoffrey Howe's tax cuts actually went in raising the personal allowances; cuts in the basic and higher rates of tax have not compensated the 4,600,000 who pay tax at the lowest rate and the 200,000-odd working households too poor to pay tax, for the increase in VAT. One way the Tories could have helped low-paid working families with children would have been through an increase in child benefit. This might have been expected given an Opposition statement in 1977 which spoke of 'the Conservative Party's commitment to treat increases in child benefit in the same way as reductions in direct taxation'. Yet the only crumb which fell from the Chancellor's table was a 50p increase in the premium paid to the first child of lone parents: a nice cheap way of pretending to help those 'in the greatest need'.

Two excuses were offered for failing to implement the 50p increase in all child benefit promised by Labour for November this year. The first was that it could not be a priority because child benefit had already been increased by £1 in April. But few families gained anything like £1 after child tax allowances and rent and rate rebates had been taken away; some even lost money. The second excuse, that there was no money in the kitty, was as weak: a 50p increase in child benefit would have cost £285 million, which represents a mere *eight per cent* of the money the Chancellor managed to scrape together for his tax cuts. As usual, it was not a question of resources, but of priorities and it was not a priority of the new government to help low income families. As Table One shows, people with children have lost out at all levels: compared with the childless, they are now even worse off than they were before the budget. Single people have gained the most and families with three or four children have benefited least.

The prospect for families, and especially low income families, is bleak indeed. Inflation has already gnawed away 44p of the £4 child benefit. The duty to provide free school transport and subsidised nutritious school meals is about to be abolished and nearly half a million children will lose their entitlement to free school meals. Where school meals are still provided the charge is likely to go up to nearly £3 a week, which doesn't leave much out of the child benefit. As the *Economist* suggested recently, the government may well freeze child benefit next year in order to help pay for those benefits it is under a statutory duty to uprate. If so, the whole future of the child benefit is threatened.

② Net effect (weekly) of switch from direct to indirect taxation for a married couple with two children, June 1979.

a) The tax gains are for one-earner couples. They assume the 9 per cent increase in personal allowances announced in the caretaker Budget had already taken effect and are averaged out over the whole of the fiscal year.

b) The expenditure figures have been calculated on the basis of the 1977 Family Expenditure Survey and include the effects of the increases in VAT and petrol tax. Income and expenditure figures have been updated to June 1979.

c) The gross earnings figures only approximate to all male average earnings, which are currently about £100 a week.

Gross earnings (relative to all male average earnings)	Tax gain £	Increases in expenditure £	Net gain or loss £
$\frac{1}{2}$	1.04	1.93	-0.89
$\frac{2}{3}$	1.76	2.22	-0.46
average	2.48	2.75	-0.27
$1\frac{1}{2}$	4.29	3.79	+0.50
2	7.78	4.68	+3.10

*The *Unequal Opportunities Budget* by Ruth Lister and Louie Burghes, 60p from Child Poverty Action Group, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2.



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Black politics: the dangers of disunity

In his last article, following his visit to South Africa, STEVEN LUKES analyses the divisions in black politics.

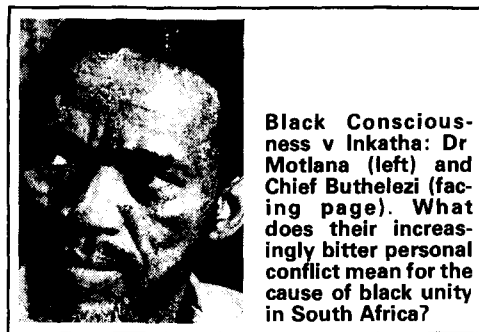
'THE PEOPLE ARE RELAXED,' Prime Minister Botha remarked, after his recent tour of 'homelands'. 'They are friendly and there is a positive attitude among them;' and he told *Der Spiegel*, 'We are not threatened by a black majority in our own borders.' It is easy for visitors, and indeed for resident whites with eyes wishfully fixed on appearances, to share this sanguine view. Black South Africans habitually wear the well-called 'fraudulent mask of happiness' which they show the white world. Authority is still widely addressed as 'Baas' and 'Master'. But behind the appearances lies a seething bitterness, above all among the young, who have widely rejected what they see as their parents' cowardly complicity. A new spirit is abroad, dating from the 1976 revolt and police massacres of youth in Soweto and elsewhere: a readiness for violence and, in some quarters, a dangerous hostility to whites. One does not have to dig deep to find it. Dr David Owen told me he met it when talking with black and coloured students on his recent visit. Black intellectuals admit its existence. A white doctor in the Cape, treating a young black man with a slashed neck, is advised by him to leave soon, before she receives something much worse. A lady from Pretoria is told by her maid, with whom her relations are good, that she will be killed, not by her, but by the maid from next door.

Afrikaner Nationalist power has ruthlessly forced black politics in two alternative directions: into a quiescent accommodation in 'homeland' governments, representative and community councils, coloured and Indian management committees, and into an underground and exiled prosecution of an 'armed struggle' still more of a future threat than a present reality. What we see in South Africa today are various attempts to build forms of constructive action that occupy the narrow space between these two stark alternatives.

There are, first of all, the black trade unions, representing between 60,000 and 100,000 workers, some 60 per cent of them in unions independent of officially controlled structures. These are a real presence, largely responsible for the establishment of the Wiehahn Commission. Against the background of a long tradition of labour militancy, and especially the 1973 Durban strikes, independent black unions are struggling for small victories. Union officials I spoke with made it clear that even to maintain levels of activity and organisation is no small success. One described as a 'success' the case of a worker's dismissal promoting interest and membership in the union; the worker, however, was neither reinstated nor compensated. The three main groupings of such unions differ in their attitudes to racial integration and the role of whites and to the role of politics in industrial activity, and in their degree of shop-floor democracy. They are threatened by unemployment and by overt political involvements. They can be greatly strengthened by outside help – by trade union links,

and especially by externally-based companies exercising pressure for their recognition. Despite the small numbers involved, they have much potential significance for the future.

Secondly, there is the Black Consciousness movement, dating from the late Sixties, whose main activists have been secondary school and university students and the urban intelligentsia – teachers, professionals, clergymen and some black businessmen. So far, it has been more of a movement than an organisation, its main focus of activity being civic, as Soweto's Committee of Ten, which has articulated the grievances and frustrations of residents. Now, however, a Civic Association has been formed, with branches and members, and also a national political organisation, AZAPO (the



Black Consciousness v Inkatha: Dr Motlana (left) and Chief Buthelezi (facing page). What does their increasingly bitter personal conflict mean for the cause of black unity in South Africa?

Azanian People's Organisation), whose initial leaders were all detained and banned in 1978 (the other Black Consciousness organisations being also banned). It is too early to estimate the extent of their support, but Azapo's present leader, Curtis Nkondo, claims that 'if freedom of speech in this country were allowed, Azapo would become a powerful organisation'. The Black Consciousness movement's central strategic principle is total non-cooperation with Government-created institutions and, in Mr Nkondo's words, no negotiation at any level at any time. This negative principle has strong support also among coloured youth and teachers, influenced by the Unity Movement in the Cape, and the newly-formed Solidarity Front, uniting radical Indians who support boycotting next year's Indian Council elections.

Black Consciousness focuses on building up a sense of black identity, dignity and self-confidence, fostering self-reliance and black solidarity. 'Blackness', here, is understood to apply to 'those who are, by law or tradition, politically, economically and socially discriminated against as a group in South African society, identifying themselves as a unit in the struggle toward the realisation of their aspirations'. Thus Soweto's Civic Association aims at promoting municipal self-help, demanding autonomy and massive Government grants, while Azapo's first aim is to 'conscientise, politicise and mobilise' black people: as Mr Nkondo put it, its 'intention is not to topple the Government but to educate the people, particularly the workers'. The movement is very militant and hostile to political alliances with liberal and even radical whites, who are seen as having defused black militancy in the past.

I found Soweto Black Consciousness activ-

ists to be resistant to any suggestion that there might be a contradiction between the *means* of mobilising around blackness, that might encourage racial hostility among the less enlightened, and the *end* of a liberated colour-blind society. Some see this as the only possible basis for militant collective action in South Africa, which can only be dampened by such scruples. I also heard it said that talk of 'class' and marxist ways of thinking are a further diversion, deriving from whites. I found significant differences, even within the Committee of Ten, about the role of whites in a liberated South Africa. One extremely militant member of the Committee, when I pressed him on this, shrugged and said that maybe the whites would take off in ships, as they did in Mozambique; another expressed satisfaction that he had at least used the word 'maybe'; while Dr Motlana, Chairman of the Committee, is on record as having said that whites would be 'most welcome' and could even be cabinet ministers. He has also spoken of the need to 'demythologise' race and Mr Nkondo has called race an 'instrument of economic exploitation'. There are real differences too about whether to work within capitalist institutions and accept business-financed philanthropy (via the Urban Foundation), and also about the economic form of a liberated society. In short, Black Consciousness does not itself imply a determinate social analysis, nor does it pretend to offer a political strategy for the conquest of power (Dr Motlana has said: 'I would be dishonest to suggest how I see blacks achieving liberation. I don't know – it's not for me to say.'). It is a movement favouring militant and radical participatory democracy that has taken root among an urban educated elite – a group of key importance in the coming struggle for liberation.

The third form of action within black South African politics is Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha – a movement *and* an organisation that has grown spectacularly since 1975 into the most substantial political force Black South Africa has seen, now boasting 280,000 members. Based in Natal, its membership still largely Zulu-speaking and rural, it has now de-tribalised its constitution and is concentrating its growth in urban areas. It has extensive and active women's and youth brigades and a pyramidal structure (modelled on Zambia's United National Independence Party) of branches culminating in a Central Committee, whose President, the Chief, is Chief Minister of the Cabinet in the non-independent Kwazulu homeland. Inkatha essentially runs Kwazulu, overwhelming all opposition in the 1978 elections. It has established a stranglehold over the legislative assembly and the public service, teachers and civil servants being 'nudged' into joining or cooperating with it. Inkatha is at the centre of a 'Black Alliance' (including the coloured Labour Party and the Indian Reform Party, dominated by conservative businessmen) prepared, as Buthelezi has put it, to work 'through legislative assemblies, through representative councils, through works committees, through Regional Committees and through whatever other machinery is at our disposal'.

THE KEY QUESTION of contemporary black South African politics is: where is Buthelezi going? A number of things are clear. He is building up a massive power base, 'a house so well fortified that it could be defended' (e.g. against banning), an organisation with tight internal discipline and unity and a movement attracting mass loyalty, with uniforms and insignia (taken from the African National Congress) and meetings of up to 80,000 people. It is also tending its grass roots, promoting self-reliant community development projects and welfare programmes (e.g. promoting literacy, work for the unemployed, maintenance payments for illegitimate children) and a massive educational campaign in Kwazulu schools, with the aim of creating 'unified ideas to match with the goals of Inkatha'. What, then, is to be done with this rapidly growing power base? Here Buthelezi speaks of his non-violent 'multi-strategy approach', building a 'strength that is recognised, respected, and perhaps even feared'. The first stage was to have 'mobilised the whole Zulu population' to achieve 'the defeat of the ultimate ends of the homelands policy', burying 'any possibility of the majority of the people of South Africa being made aliens'. (Inkatha is now campaigning generally against the deprivation of citizenship by the independent 'homelands'.) Warning against 'premature action', he speaks further of 'an educational programme and a mass mobilisation programme that will further curtail the erosion of civil and human rights' and of 'well-prepared mass action through strikes and boycotts', which could 'halt the whole of industry', of 'the mobilisation of workers and the employment of consumer power' that 'will rock South Africa to its very foundations'. He talks of violence as his ultimate card. His 'perennial theme' has been 'that if peaceful negotiation fails we will face violence', the violence, as he told Mr Botha, 'which may flow because you reach the point where you cannot control your constituency and I cannot control mine'. He would 'seriously consider crossing our borders' if 'what I do at present in trying to bring about peaceful change proves to be futile' and, specifically, if he were 'forced at the point of a gun to take Transkeian type so-called independence'.

To what ultimate goal, then, is this peaceful 'multi-strategy approach' directed? Here his numerous speeches and my discussions with his advisers and friends point in various possible directions. On the one hand, he talks to Mr Botha of 'what we can do together' and speaks of 'leading Inkatha along the road of reconciliation with white South Africa' and of forcing the whites-only Government into 'including us in the political process'. This *could* mean some kind of power-sharing between the whites and a non-independent and enlarged Kwazulu, perhaps in the form of a federation, possibly with a joint presidency. (This scenario is lent some plausibility by a recent speech in the US where he asks 'whether politics in South Africa can afford to aim at the full inclusion of blacks in the existing constitution. Our early cries for one man one vote ignored the reality of racial hatred, racial fear and entrenched power groups. We have been preoccupied with one man one vote within the strait-jacket of a Unitary State . . .'). Or perhaps Buthelezi foresees using his mobilised 'people's power' . . . in democratic opposition 'to move the country, as he has said, 'towards majority rule'

(He has claimed that his US speech has been distorted and that he is still for majority rule). Or perhaps his repeated public self-identification with the ANC should be taken seriously. (He has been warned about this by the Minister of Police. Nonetheless, he recently quoted Mandela to an audience of 30,000 in Soweto, on the theme that the question of collaboration with Government institutions is a tactical question, not a matter of principle – a deliberate act, as he told me, of 'civil disobedience'.) In this case, perhaps Inkatha should be interpreted as having a 'hidden agenda', involving an inevitable and escalating armed struggle, allied to internal mass mobilisation, and a vision of liberation involving a total transfer of power. And there



is a further possibility, suggested by an adviser: that he just does not *have* a long-term perspective and that there is, therefore, no determinate answer to the question about ultimate objectives.

BLACK SOUTH AFRICAN politics is currently dominated by a deteriorating conflict between the Black Consciousness movement and Inkatha. The former interprets Buthelezi's role as unambiguously 'collaborationist', tied, in Dr Motlana's words, 'to the Government fraud of homelands' and 'a source of division and strife in the black community'. Inkatha's response is that the Black Consciousness leaders have no real constituency, that non-collaboration and confrontationist rhetoric is fruitless and that the Committee of Ten's call for an autonomous Soweto itself falls into the trap of the Government policy of separate development. Ever since Buthelezi was stoned by some members of the Black Consciousness movement at the funeral of Robert Sobukwe, leader of the Pan African Congress last year, this conflict has had a personal and bitter edge. It has now taken a new and dangerous turn with the recent tarring and feathering of someone mistaken for Dr Motlana, before the opening of the Solidarity Front's Anti-South African Indian Council Convention in Durban. This is especially dangerous given the delicate context in Natal of Zulu-Indian animosities, which erupted in bloody riots in 1949. Chief Buthelezi specifically denied to me any involvement of Inkatha in this, but his own statements in recent speeches have been decidedly unhelpful, as when he said that 'so-called leaders

who have no constituency must be rough-handed out of the way so that the people can march onwards towards victory'. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that at a recent Inkatha meeting in Soweto, the *Post* reports that 'tempers flared as speaker after speaker called for Dr Motlana's blood' and that each side calls the other 'traitors' and 'enemies of the people'. There is a danger that this conflict will deteriorate further, following Inkatha's decision to contest the forthcoming community council elections in Soweto. Each party bitterly accused the other of playing the game of the system: but it is, above all, the very conflict between them that does this.

I spent a day at the inaugural conference of the Soweto Civic Association. The atmosphere was warm and friendly: several hundred people were engaged in serious and constructive discussions about education, labour, the economy, religion, black history, making proposals for community action, with rousing but thoughtful speeches, workshops, eruptions into song, clenched fists. In the evening, I spent four hours with two senior members of Inkatha in a hotel room: they were high-level, clear-thinking political professionals, and the talk was all about organisation, strategy and tactics, *realpolitik* and the mechanics of power. (As we left the hotel, the porters, knowing whom we had seen, gave us the black power salute.)

Two radically different styles of political action and two distinct constituencies: but are they irreconcilable? It may be that radical participatory democracy is incompatible with the organised conquest of power in a repressive, undemocratic society. It could be that there is no meeting point between the interests of a modern urban intelligentsia frustrated by racial discrimination and a tribally-rooted mass organisation led by a Zulu aristocrat (albeit with an ANC past). On the other hand, the Black Consciousness leaders are surely mistaken to perceive no ambiguity in Buthelezi's role; if anything, their bitter and persistent attacks may, through a self-fulfilling prophecy, be pushing him further towards collaboration. He is not just another 'homeland leader' who has sold out to the system, and the old question of collaboration, as Mandela said, *is* a tactical issue. Conversely, the Inkatha leadership is most ill-advised to devalue the libertarian and participatory politics of the Black Consciousness movement and the significance of their constituency, whatever its numerical extent, for the coming struggle. Taking it on, in an open and bitter struggle, is unnecessary and carries long-term costs.

It is notable that both parties lay claim to sympathy and links with the ANC (the former privately, the latter publicly). The ANC itself has rightly refused to take sides in this regrettable conflict. Though its senior leaders take different positions (expressing, to me, different degrees of scepticism about Buthelezi's objectives), it is surely right in seeing black unity within South Africa as the overwhelming priority. When Zimbabwe and Namibia fall into the hands of leaders sympathetic to the liberation of South Africa, the inevitable armed struggle will undoubtedly reach higher levels. The only chance of limiting its duration, its brutalising costs to all parties and its potential damage to an advanced industrial order, lies in the possibility of uniting the constructive political forces within the black community.

Visitors and voyeurs

From David Nicholls

The Beaubourg Centre should never have been built, and the vast sums expended upon it would have been better spent on improving the picturesque but slummy older property of the First and Fourth *arrondissements*. But, given the fact that something was built on the site, we should be thankful that it was the Beaubourg (which no one but its management calls the Centre Georges Pompidou), and not another of the truly hideous towers, such as the Tour Montparnasse, the Faculty of Science building at Jussieu, or La Défense, with which the Fifth Republic has disfigured Paris. It certainly deserves better than David Caute's pseudo-demotic Marcusean fantasy (NS 26 October), which is merely the latest manifestation of the 'correct' snobbish response from the 'culturally aware' left, confusing intention with result, and ignoring how people may use an artefact in a way different from the grandiose designs of its backers.

There are bad things about Beaubourg which Caute does not mention: the horrendous running costs; and, more important, the low wages and bad working conditions which provoke frequent strikes and sit-ins among the staff. But his reference to 'visitors and voyeurs' gives the game away. The Beaubourg works, and no amount of complaints in *Le Monde* about children playing noisily on the escalators or foreigners treating it as a tourist attraction can alter the fact. To treat the crowds attracted every day as mindless voyeurs is totally unacceptable. Most of these people are enjoying and using a remarkable and versatile building.

Caute talks at length about a self-congratulatory exhibition on French town planning, and no doubt his criticisms are just. But when I spent some months in Paris last year the same space was occupied by an equally uncritical exhibition on the towns of the Soviet Union. Caute makes too much of this one half-floor, but ignores completely the library (one and a half floors) and the second branch of the *cinémathèque française* on the top floor, while not making it clear whether we should disapprove of the Paris-Moscow exhibition, the bookshop, and the production of an Aimé Césaire play on the grounds that if they're in the Beaubourg there must be some sinister design at work. It will not do to construct a 'theory' of the Beaubourg on the basis that some of it is direct propaganda and the rest is 'repressive tolerance' – a convenient concept for explaining away anything the writer is worried by.

Caute, like so many others, clearly disapproves of the Beaubourg's success. The crowds at the major exhibitions and the hoards of school and university students using the library are not a load of gaping sheep, uncritically gulping down a grandiose Pompidolian vision of France, which is, in any case, now condemned to the dustbin of history. Over a hundred years ago, when it was decided that the Eiffel Tower would remain standing after the Great Exhibition, *le tout Paris littéraire* was scandalised. Zola, Maupassant, the Goncourts etc. demanded that M. Eiffel's technological fantasy be dismantled. In the future, Paris without the Beaubourg will be as inconceivable as Paris without the Eiffel Tower.

27 Harehills Avenue, Leeds

From Nathan Silver, Department of Architecture
Criticising Anthony Sampson's praise of the Centre Pompidou in the *Observer*, David Caute (NS 26 October) imagines a future revolution starting at the Centre triggered by 'enraged students incapable of distinguishing between political and cultural symbols'. But from the understanding he conveys in his article, it seems it is Caute who is incapable of this distinction.

Sampson presented French and British town planning as examples of autocracy and democracy, with the Centre Pompidou an exceptional success of the former. Simplistic though this description was (for instance, Sampson seems to think there is more rigidity in French planning than in British), at least

he understands that accessibility, flexibility and openness in a major public monument are qualities good in themselves and the political property of no one. In the same context, Caute's belief that the Centre Pompidou's character is 'repulsive' because ascribable to Gaullism and the French Right is simply at variance with the facts.

In comparing this enlightened architectural design (and yes, patronage, since the political Rightists in France accepted it, and to their cultural credit, ultimately kept to it) with the tragically unbuilt designs of Russian Constructivism currently on view at Beaubourg, Caute also misconceives the ironies of the juxtaposition. The greatness of the Constructivists has imbued architecture, so in a formal sense their buildings certainly live. Constructivism is part of the ancestry of Beaubourg.

For me, Beaubourg is a noble design. The pardonable pride of its French Rightist patrons does not diminish or corrupt it. Beaubourg's architectural form and functions will go on evolving, as precociously intended, whether politics in France will or won't. And despite the competition jury's emphasis on the pragmatic, plainly the building conveys profound messages which are progressive. Readable by all except those who wilfully decline to see, Beaubourg's true devotion and dedication is not to Pompidou, nor to 'Picasso, Bardot and Astérix', but to social enlightenment and change.

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What's in a capital gain?

The general argument of Professor Townsend's report (NS 26 October) is no doubt correct – there must be a considerable amount of poverty in Britain, however one cares to define poverty.

May I quibble over a small point? The report refers to the 'real' capital gain enjoyed by house buyers. To my mind the capital gain, for an owner-occupier, is on paper only. I bought a small flat seven years ago for a certain sum. It is now worth at least twice as much on the market, but if I wish to sell it, on moving house, I have to buy another property to live in, equally dear, at today's inflated prices. In what way have I gained? The capital gain is, surely, a myth.

6 Marine Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex

Sinister changes

From Madeleine Simms

Anna Coote (Notes 26 October) accurately describes the major changes in the operation of the Abortion Act that would result if John Corrie's Bill were to pass. These are, however, made even more sinister by other changes that have recently come about by ministerial edict without debate in Parliament. Many would question the constitutional propriety of such a step.

During the Second Reading debate on 13 July Dr Gerard Vaughan, the Minister of State for Health, had the following announcement to make, which passed without comment in Parliament and the press:

I can now announce that the existing guidance is to be changed and that the Chief Medical Officer will shortly be issuing a letter giving effect to these changes. It may be of assistance to know what these changes will be. First, it will be emphasised that it is not expected that any jobs for junior doctors will require responsibilities for abortions. Secondly, only where abortion duties are included in the job description would it be acceptable to ask a candidate if he or she is prepared to undertake terminations. It follows from these two provisions that junior staff should never be questioned about their attitude to termination when they apply for a post.

This means that in areas such as say Wolverhampton where only 9 per cent of all abortions are carried out in the NHS, no one on a selection committee could ask a candidate for a gynaecological post whether he was prepared to undertake some abortions under the 1967 Abortion Act. Thus there is no machinery for improving the appalling regional imbalance in the availability of legal and safe abortion which has been the central failure of implementing the 1967 Abortion Act. It is sobering

to remember, in this context, that Newcastle manages to carry out 93 per cent of its abortions under the NHS and has done so for many years.

I wrote to Dr Gerard Vaughan on 28 July and again on 24 August requesting clarification of his extraordinary edict, but am still waiting for a reply.

17 Dunstan Road, London NW11

Stand up and be counted

From Patrick Beaver

The treatment meted out to composers under Stalin, as documented by Shostakovich in the recent serialisation of his fascinating autobiography, prompts comparison with the lot of the contemporary British composer. Much as someone who lives and works in this country must pay his taxes and obey its laws, I, as a composer, must, for all practical purposes, belong to the Performing Right Society if I am to be paid for the public performances of my works. But living in Britain is not like living in Russia – unless you belong to PRS.

The PRS 'Politburo', called the Council, is a self-perpetuating body; a few hundred members (out of a total of 11,000) basically control the PRS vote (and only the Council knows who they are). This Council spends some £4 million a year of our money (they claim it isn't ours until they get around to allocating it – much as all income enures to the State in the USSR), freely loans our money to its favoured Executive Officers (I believe 'dachas' go with exalted positions in Russia), finances libel suits against any dissenting member with our money (in Russia it's mental hospitals and labour camps), permits perhaps half its members to attend AGMs – it used to be but 14 per cent until Trevor Lyttleton forced the Council to take action (I believe the Soviets use the restrictive visa system), has spend some £200,000 of our money fighting Lyttleton's efforts to democratise PRS (propaganda is Russia's weapon), and is now trying to break the backbone of the opposition by penalising Lyttleton with some £10,000 of court costs – less than the increase in the annual wage of the General Manager, Mr Freegard, since the controversy arose (in Russia they break you by taking away your job).

I feel I speak out at some risk, bearing in mind that PRS has some £28 million per year to spend on harrassing critics with libel suits, and has shown no reluctance to use that weapon – or, for that matter, its members' funds. Yet, if someone is offended deeply enough, and I as a PRS Full Member, most certainly am, he or she must take a public stand. I have sent Mr Lyttleton a contribution to his Defence Fund.

50 Great Russell Street, London WC1

He got it wrong

From Dan Hazlewood

Apropos Philip Hobsbaum's letter (NS 19 October) – I see it is only twenty-nine years since Lawrence died. So he died in 1950 and not in 1930, as I used to think. My thanks to Philip Hobsbaum, for that, and for drawing our attention to Tom Paulin's carelessness, etc.

66 Bolingbroke Road, London W14

John Clare's letters

From Mark Storey

I am preparing an edition of the *Letters of John Clare* for the Oxford University Press; I would be very grateful to have details of any letters to or from Clare, in private hands or small collections. Department of English, University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham

BINDERS

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Apart from the occasional phrase that fell, in youth, so pleasantly on the ear – ‘He smote them hip and thigh’ always had such a jolly and wholeheartedly destructive ring to it, and I was rather keen too on ‘Curse God, and die’ (Job, you know) – I do resent, even at this rather late stage in one’s development, having had when young such vast chunks of the Old Testament read out at one. Not a day went by at school without some mirthless twaddle, for such it seemed, about unleavened bread or the wormwood and the gall or the little hill of Hermon or boils and blains (one stole a glance at Matron) or somebody’s bowels being moved (ditto). Then there were unlovely sentences beginning with ‘Woe to’, followed by a whole list of things. And there were obvious impossibilities (‘Howl, ye ships of Tarshish’). When a dog-collared divine, clutching the lectern and with *visage d’occasion* firmly in position, let fly with ‘Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?’, a rhetorical question apparently for answer came there none, one was quite frankly nonplussed, apart from noting the fact that the dye used seemed to come from squashed grape skins, as far as one could gather, and the garments would therefore presumably be either Burgundy-red or Beaujolais-purple rather than a dull Hock-white. And then, where was Edom and where, as though one cared, Bozrah? And why was almost everybody in the Old Testament permanently ratty and disagreeable, with God (whom we were constantly thanking for this or that) by far the rattiest of the lot? It didn’t make sense then and, by golly, it makes a great deal less now.

The names of the characters too bristled with problems. I don’t mean simple and relatively pleasant names such as Jacob and Joseph and Sarah and Ruth. It is things like Ham. My O.T. section of the biblical ‘Told To The Kiddies’ series informs me that Ham means ‘hot’ (one’s mind flies at once to gammon steaks and pineapple slices) but I still would find it difficult to call to it out of a window and tell it to come in to lunch. However, at least Ham is short. The trouble with names begins quite soon after the Flood when, with Noah 599 years old, the ark was grounded and his three sons have branched out on their own. Japheth and his family decide to settle along the European coasts of the Mediterranean (one tends to picture them, basking in the sun and covered with olive oil, at Nice or Cannes). Shem heads for the south-west of Asia (after oil of a different kind, possibly), and hot Ham for Africa (pineapples). And before we know where we are, poor old Job has turned up with friends most unfortunately called Eliphaz and Zophar and Bildad. And here is the puzzle. Are these names surnames or are they what we must, I suppose, call pet names (as we are in B.C. 1996 or thereabouts, we can hardly call them Christian names). Was Eliphaz, for example, married to Muriel Eliphaz and did they have two lovely girls called Dawn and Cindy Eliphaz? The problem becomes even more acute later with a name such as Jashobeam (apt to linger in barley fields and slay 300 Philistines before lunch). This cannot, surely,

be a pet name and was there therefore Prudence Jashobeam, mother of Annabel and Tracy Jashobeam? Nobody can tell me that Mephibosheth is a baby’s name, to be whispered to the robed priest at the font side, or whatever went on by way of a naming ceremony. Nor is Og, a displeasing name if ever there was one. And you can add Jehoshaphat, jumping or not.

Well then, I’m sorry to have to go on complaining about this but how deeply unattractive are some of the place names. With mouthfuls like Bethshemesh and Ramathaim-zephim to cope with, one comes to the conclusion that the shorter the name the better, but even then that produces Tob and Uz and Ur and Nob, and also Ai which, with a diaeresis on it and an added ‘e’ is surely what the feeble frogs scream when somebody sticks a pin into them. Although my ‘Told To The Kiddies’ informs me that Abel-shittim means ‘the Meadows of Acacias’, one of our rarer and more attractive trees, it remains a name that I personally could never be permanently happy about. I would not, for example, have been at ease when writing to a friend to announce a change of address (‘We’ve had this offer of a bungalow at Abel-shittim. Huldah and the children are over the moon about it, and a change from Gilgal will do us all good. I did have my eye on a semi at Michmash, but it looks now as though we’ll land up in Abel-shittim’).

By contrast, how charming and wholesome our English place names become. What could

possibly be more normal and natural and ordinary than Piddletrenthide and Cosham and Bosham, the last named so much more euphonious than the Bible’s Bochim (it means, of all dreary things, ‘those who weep’ or ‘the blubbers’, not a habit that they have in Bosham, a splendid small town which also served to provide Wodehouse with a suitable name for Lord Emsworth’s son and heir). Then what could be more invigorating than the sound of Skipton and Freshwater? What could be more soothing than the names Melling and Dinckley, snugly situated in dear old Lancashire? What’s in a name, people wildly ask? The answer is, a very great deal. The concept that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet is nonsense. Suppose it were called a hoggerel (yearling sheep) or a bumbo (rum punch). You see?

If my thoughts seem to be running on names, it is because I have recently been somewhat concerned professionally with them. Not the names of people or places but the names of things. The BBC television game of ‘Call My Bluff’ will be familiar to many – two teams of three persons each provide three different definitions of words seldom used (such as *viss* and *bulimia* and *hoochinoo*), only one of which is correct, the opposing team taking it in turns to try to spot the true definition. Not easy, for the alternative and wrong definitions are invented for the players by a genius, and very persuasive and possible they always sound. On one of the team captains falling sadly sick, I was invited to partake and thus found myself in the bowels, if I may so term them, of the Television Centre in Wood Lane, London, ready for some recordings of the programme. For these affairs an audience is present (and encouraged to be merry and to applaud when applause seems called for) and at each session they enter the studio beneath a lighted notice saying AUDIENCE ENTRANCE, words which, with other things on my mind and, after the audience was safely in, I misread as AUDIENCE ENTRANCED. Oh good, I thought, merely wondering whether there were other notices which, when lit up, said AUDIENCE BOOING or AUDIENCE THROWING THINGS.

And so now, for a time, even biblical surnames and place names seem to me like words in the telly Bluff game. I see myself, tastefully dressed for the viewers, seated, flanked by my team, and wondering what on earth BILDAD is. Is it (a) an Armenian curse often uttered by the victim of a cuckolding, (b) a species of locust once common in Egypt but now thought to be extinct, or (c) a mediaeval version of the modern ‘cushion stitch’ in embroidery? Well? Difficult to decide, as you see. Then the name GILGAL might be almost anything. Try again. Is it (a) a flat net suspended vertically in the water for fishing purposes and which has meshes that allow only the heads of fishes to pass through and get trapped, (b) a wild goose originally common in Europe and a popular item at the table but now mainly found only in western Canada, or (c) an old-fashioned floating instrument for determining the specific gravities of liquids but now replaced by the more efficient hydrometer? Well, again? Let me hasten to assure all readers that *none* of these definitions is correct for what are, after all, merely two names of a person and a place and are not objects. Forgive me, but letters on the subject will not be answered.

Roger Woddis The trial

Rude Pravo, the Czech party organ, claimed that the six convicted human rights activists ‘deliberately tried to undermine the international prestige of Czechoslovakia’.

Bravo for *Rude Pravo*!
Hail to the spring that froze!
Up with the people’s verdict!
Down with the people’s foes!
While cherishing those who question
And honouring those who think,
We like to applaud dissenters
By clapping them all in clink.

Prison’s the place for critics,
Prague’s in a state of siege;
Whoever invokes Helsinki
Damages our prestige.
Up with the old hardliners!
Down with the ice that thawed!
Woe to the Czechs who argue,
Furnished by cheques abroad!

Some do their work in public,
Some play a secret role;
Once more remove good comrades –
Canst work underground, old mole?
Who were the hostile agents
Who caused such a world-wide stench? –
Those in the dock of protest,
Or those on the judges’ bench?

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Rozsika Parker

Breaking the Mould

The Obstacle Race by GERMAINE GREER
Secker £12.50 (£9.95 until 31 March 1980)

The resurgence of feminism in the early 1970s spurred women to prove that contrary to the evidence in 20th-century art history books, which maintain a curious silence on the subject, there have always been women artists. The basements and reserve collections of galleries throughout Britain, Europe and the USA provided rewarding hunting grounds, while re-discovered 19th-century histories of women artists revealed the extent of 'Our Hidden Heritage'. Exhibitions, magazines and books documented the research; Germaine Greer's *The Obstacle Race* is the latest and most comprehensive in terms of the sheer numbers of women she discusses and paintings she locates.

Despite the emergence of an informative and important body of paintings by women, there is still a tendency to take up a defensive position in regard to their work. Their relation to social and artistic structures has clearly been different to that of male artists. But instead of providing an analysis of their specific contributions to the history of art, it is their disadvantages which have been stressed, particularly in terms of art education. The overall thesis of Germaine Greer's book continues this somewhat negative trend, although her emphasis is more on psychological factors, thus diminishing the importance of material obstacles:

If we look fearlessly at the works of dead women and do not attempt to erect for them a double standard in the mistaken notion that such distortion of the truth will benefit women living and working today, we will understand by analogy a good deal of our own oppression and its pathology. We will see all the signs of self censorship, hypocritical modesty, insecurity, girlishness, self deception, hostility towards one's fellow strivers, emotional and sexual dependence on men, timidity, poverty and ignorance . . .

Germaine Greer declares herself determined not to overpraise women in compensation for their treatment at the hands of modern historians. But in her admirable effort to avoid that pitfall, she falls into another. Just as art historians tend to see the same signs of femininity in all work they know to be by a woman, so Germaine Greer here discusses women as if their work has been homogeneous, linked by virtue of their sex across boundaries of class, nationality, culture and time. Even a quick glance at the illustrations in *The Obstacle Race* reveals how heterogeneous and changing women's contribution to culture has been.

Happily the construction of Germaine Greer's book avoids the conventional treatment of the history of art as a family tree branching between geniuses. She divides the text into two sections; the first describes the obstacles she sees in women's path, Family, Love, The Illusion of Success, Humiliation,

Dimension, Primitivism, and The Disappearing Oeuvre. The second section, 'How They Ran', documents women artists from the medieval period to the end of the 19th century, providing a wealth of valuable information.

However, by placing the obstacles 'both external and surmountable, internal and insurmountable' first, Germaine Greer makes the work she describes in the second section appear nearly miraculous. She herself comments, 'The astonishing and gratifying thing is that so many women conquered all of these enemies within some of the time . . .' Women artists appear astonishing to Germaine Greer because she presents their history in terms of either miraculously succeeding or dismally failing to overcome monolithic, eternal obstacles, rather than in relation to a set of changing, shifting factors which constitute the history of art by male and female artists. Women's situation in regard to the shifting



Madge Gill, *Women*

constraints has been affected by the significance attached to sexual difference. But the way their circumstances have been shaped by their sex has been constantly changing. And they have also been affected by, for example, the altering class position of the artist and the dominant tendencies of the art of their time. While Germaine Greer points to important factors in relation to women artists, she turns them into transhistorical generalisations. She thus fails to see how the history of women and the history of art have intersected, sometimes to the benefit of women artists.

Take for example an effect of class which Germaine Greer omits from *The Obstacle Race*. During the Renaissance, the fact of nobility was not an impediment, indeed the opposite, for a woman artist. This was the moment in the history of art when the artist was aspiring to rise above the status of the artisan. When these women painted self-portraits intended to advertise their skills, they emphasised their aristocratic attributes,

depicting themselves with musical instruments, books or works of art. The aspirations of the artist and the attributes of the aristocratic women coincided, favouring the latter's practice as professionals in a way that was never to happen again. By the end of the 19th century, however, their class had clearly become a drawback. The painter Marie Bashkirtseff recorded how her professional intentions were discounted as much because of her class as because of her sex. What was an 'obstacle' at one period could be an advantage at another.

This is particularly true of the first obstacle which Germaine Greer cites in women's path, The Family. We know that the family was not always a material obstacle in the way of women artists; prior to the 18th century almost the only access a woman had to training was to be born into an artist's family. Accordingly the majority of 16th- and 17th-century women painters were artists' daughters. Germaine Greer suggests therefore that their 'participation in the graphic arts was probably a filial and submissive response to family pressure'. In her view, women stifled by paternal pressure before the 19th century 'seldom expressed their own creativity'. However, feminists have emphasised that the family has not been a static institution; Germaine Greer does not sufficiently distinguish between women's experience within the bourgeois family and the effects of the family on women when it was still the unit of production with all members of the household active in the workshop. She does provide ample evidence of the destructive effects of the bourgeois family on its daughters with brothers like Sir Joshua Reynolds who practically and psychologically undermined Fanny Reynolds's work, or Edvard Munch who asked that his sister's work not be exhibited because it excited her too much. She suggests however that the oppressive relationship between the late 18th-century water colourist Alexander Nasmyth and his five painter daughters might provide 'some insight into the probable relationship of earlier fathers and daughters'. But during the intervening centuries not only had the family changed but also the conditions of production and the persona of the artist.

Love is the second major obstacle Germaine Greer cites. She writes that 'For every woman artist who struggled to assert herself against the power of love, there are hundreds who submerged themselves so willingly that their activity has left no perceptible trace'. This fails to distinguish between those women who were silenced and those about whom art history has remained silent, often attributing their work to teachers, husbands, fathers or lovers.

Germaine Greer does occasionally take art historians to task, noting that Jean Arp and Robert Delaunay

are treated as more significant figures than their wives, although it is perfectly well known that the innovative qualities of their work owed a great deal to the fruitful vision of their womenfolk, who poured out original ideas in all kinds of media with almost wanton and certainly ingenuous prodigality.

But rather than pitting the partners against each other, time could better be spent examining how both Sonia Delaunay and Sophie Tauber Arp – as women able to work with non-fine art materials – were particularly well placed to contribute to the 20th-century

*Eleanor Tufts, *Our Hidden Heritage*, London 1974.

attack on the privileged position of oil painting.

To discuss a woman's art primarily in the light of her love relationships tends to detract from the interest of her painting. Germaine Greer points out that Frida Kahlo's painting was motivated by 'the drama of her love for a man (Diego Rivera) who was incapable of any such feeling'; but as importantly her work relates to the prevailing concern of the surrealist movement with sexual politics. Germaine Greer offers the late 18th-century painter Constance Mayer as the prime example of love's casualties. She describes the painter as 'invaded by another's vision', referring to her association with Pierre Paul Prud'hon. However, Mayer's choice of subject matter ('The Happy Mother', 'The Dream of Happiness', 'The Unfortunate Mother') owes as much to the developing ideology of conjugal love within which both artists worked, as to her feelings for Prud'hon. Mayer's painting does betray Prud'hon's hand but more importantly it expands our knowledge of the historical period. For example, the melancholy iconography of 'The Unhappy Mother' can be related to women's popular art of the time – the ubiquitous embroidered mourning pictures.

Germaine Greer discusses the early development of domestic genre in her chapter on the 18th and 19th centuries, *The Age of Academies*, writing that 'the emerging women painters turned more and more to this genre in preference to struggling with monumental history pieces'. Preference is perhaps a misleading work in this context. Although women had fought for and won the right to exhibit at the Salon from which they had been excluded, the best in art education was still closed to them. And more significantly, the persona of the Great Artist and the stereotype of Woman became deeply divided at this point. While women were increasingly associated with sweet femininity and domesticity, the Great Artist was becoming identified with everything anti-domestic, with outsidership and madness. Despite the increasing contradiction between Great Artist and Woman, Germaine Greer believes that this period marks the moment when women enter into 'free competition with men in the art world'.

This suggests we are dealing with a race governed by fair rules, to be won by any woman who can overcome 'the traits of the oppressed personality'. Germaine Greer sees such an artist in Suzanne Valadon (1865–1938) in whose work she detects 'the expression of female genius which was not compressed into smallness and modesty. Growing up as a gamin in Paris, she kept her libido intact'. She concludes from Valadon's case that 'A woman who breaks the mould may make her own normality'. This underestimates the forces working in Valadon's favour. She became an artist under very particular circumstances. Model-turned-artist, she learned her skills from the men she posed for, including Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec, and unlike so many women artists who were limited by the bounds of propriety, Valadon was able to explore all the same subjects as her male contemporaries. A colourful personality, she worked as a painter when eccentricity was expected, even demanded, of The Artist. And as importantly her directness and anti-romantic approach found a compatible means of expression in the 'primitivism' of such early 20th-century art movements as the

School of Pont Aven. Critics however, failing to see her work in context, can only marvel at how 'unfeminine' she is. Bernard Dorival describes her as 'the most virile – and the greatest – of all women painters.' His praise exposes the modern equation of greatness with masculinity.

Finally, will *The Obstacle Race* achieve the author's aims and 're-people the historical artscape'? It does demonstrate beyond doubt that women have constantly participated in the practice of art. However, art historians' resistance to this fact cannot be overcome by polite reminders nor even by massive documentation. The publications that appeared on women artists around 1900 had no effect whatsoever on the face of 20th-century art history, and the next survey history of art will be as bare of women as the last until we confront the role of ideology within the discipline of art history itself. What is it about the discipline's methods and values that leads to dismissal and denigration of so many artists because they were women, with their diverse works described as forever feminine? Given that art history has systematically misrepresented women's work it is only by questioning its procedures and revealing its ideology that we can find new ways of studying the history of women's relationship to culture, and come to understand why the history of art produced by art history is as narrow as it is. It is not the obstacles which Germaine Greer cites but the rules of the game which demand scrutiny.

Michael Ratcliffe

Booker Dark Horse

Joseph by JULIAN RATHBONE *Michael Joseph* £7.50

Confederates by THOMAS KENEALLY *Collins* £5.95

The puzzlement, not to say pique, of those who study form, that this year's Booker Prize should go to one of the two outsiders in the race might well have exploded in charges of downright perversity had the punters known that the progress of *Offshore* to the winning-post was challenged most effectively not by the three favourites – V. S. Naipaul, Thomas Keneally or Fay Weldon – but by the other dark horse on the field, Julian Rathbone's *Joseph*. Indeed, until the Booker judges picked it up in the course of consuming their 65 or so novels, one could be forgiven for assuming that very few people in London had read or even heard of *Joseph* at all.

The case is instructive and reminds us, among other things, that artists of known talent are rarely encouraged to change course and that, despite the imaginative successes of writers like Keneally, Patrick O'Brien, Thomas Flanagan and the late J. G. Farrell in recent years, the historical novel has still some way to go in regaining its proper place of honour. Published last May, the work of a novelist whose intelligent thrillers and adven-

tures receive regular, approving attention (one of them, *King Fisher Lives*, was even shortlisted for Booker in 1976) *Joseph* was totally ignored by the national Press. The pathetically 'saucy' dust-jacket in which the publishers sent forth this breathtaking novel of the Peninsular War into the world suggested that perhaps they hadn't read it either – or, more likely, that they had, and nervously divined the truth, that behind all its technical pezzazz and glittering entertainment stands an organizing mind uncompromisingly intellectual in its grip.

It is this quality that takes *Joseph* well beyond the mimicry and pastiche implied in its 'period' prose and picaresque form and gives it a firm, late 20th-century character of its own. The philosophical heart of the book is an informal field supper with Napoleon, in which the Emperor expounds with great charm the Imperial plans for creative social revolution in Europe – one of the most plausible reconstructions of its kind that I have ever read, and double-edged with sardonic premonitions of the totalitarian state. ('I have been told there is no new literature in my Empire. Well, that is the fault of the Minister of the Interior. I shall look into it').

Mr Rathbone is, in fact, an historian *manqué*, yet with his uncommon gift for presenting characters round historic moral abstractions – personal fidelity, the faith in pure Reason, the coward's instinct for survival – then swiftly fleshing them out in sensuality and affection, he is the true novelist, too, transcending the detached narrative convention he has chosen to revive. The emotional heart of the book is the love of a venial son for an honourable father, told with fine sentiment and destroyed in a chaos without meaning. The visions of Goya, from the enchanted picnics and parasols of the Prado cartoons to the black bones and white bandages of *The Disasters of War*, are never far off. Indeed, Mr Rathbone stands on the ground of 1800 so convincingly that his mind remains half in the Enlightenment, with the father and the wisdom of Voltaire, and half in Romanticism with the son and the pantheistic egoism of, say, Jean-Paul. (The passionate exactitude of his response to the wild flowers and bird life of Castile, on the

Peter Porter

For Sophonisba Anguisciola

So much going for you,
a woman painter of the Sixteenth Century,
dying at ninety-seven
if the reference books are right,
and with such an elegantly
unpronounceable name:

It seems an attainment of grace
just to honour you and to forget
some undistinguished pictures,
almost as if the procession of geniuses
with their 'Triumphs of Time'
and their 'Feasts of the Gods'
passed right through the town
and out into the countryside
leaving you, me, my typewriter
and an honoured calling
to represent the human race.

other hand, suggests the gentleman-traveller of Victorian England.)

Joseph begins as it means to go on, with dazzling landscapes and piercingly sharp boyhood memories of an evil feud and the first French army's arrival in Spain, and it is actually a fault that, nearly 500 pages later, after countless set-pieces and scenes of comparable beauty, there seems no earthly reason why it should ever end – one characteristic, I suppose, of the virtuoso performance. Certainly Mr Rathbone can't think of one and, chopping the manuscript off in mid-sentence, he simply pretends there is no more.

Since *Joseph* purports to be the discovered memoirs of Joseph Bosham, a gentleman-rogue from Naples and Salamanca whose tenuous connection with Wellington's army permits him to tell the story of his life to the Duke in pursuit of a British pension, the novelist gets away with it – just. But what count and remain unforgettable are the tireless inventions of Joseph's adventures within the parentheses of a terrible war and the book's unforced response to the indestructible joys of everyday life, all recorded in prose as strong, clear and unclouded as the light of Castilian day. If ever a novel were compulsively *writable*, this is it.

The war between the States was every bit as terrible, but this quality of compulsion I do not find in *Confederates*. True, Keneally is a more versatile novelist than Rathbone – this was his third time in the short list and who else (except perhaps Burgess) would publish in the same year books as unlike as this sober historical novel and the flamboyantly tasteless *Passenger*? Yet I confess to finding the randy villain of that uterine jest a more sharply conceived and executed figure than any of those who toil through the mud and blood of the North Virginian Army as it desperately seeks through 1862 to bring the British Government, politically, into the war.

Confederates, in short, is Keneally's American Civil War Novel. He has done his reading thoroughly, listed the main sources at the end, made a craftsmanlike fiction out of them, and moved on to the next job. Hard not to feel that the precariously sustained subplots of adultery and amorous espionage are there for the attention of casting-directors and that a brief appearance by President Lincoln should not be there at all. Hard, too, not to feel that the proximity of the sources is responsible for the faintly inspirational, sentimental and portentous tone which dogs *Confederates* as so much other writing about this war: 'The whole of Maryland was sown with the young in blue and butternut, and their seed was dead inside them'.

Homework is the key to all historical novels, and should ideally be felt and not seen, but whereas Rathbone carries his with confidence and panache like a brigand's uniform cut to suit the wearer, Keneally's comes straight from the shop with the ticket still in the lining. Freed of it, he comes to life, and, lowering his eyes from the mood omniscient to the horrors without end at his feet, he describes, for example, the bleeding death of a soldier who falls forward and drowns in his own hat. He is very good on detail, and on the nature of battles which he rightly describes as the accumulation of such, but his chief sympathy is with the suffering, boredom, panic and, above all, the pathos of a volunteers' war, and when he keeps those in focus he is very good indeed.

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Mr Dodgson and the Little Girls

The Letters of Lewis Carroll (2 vols), edited by Morton Cohen with the assistance of Roger Lancelyn Green *Macmillan* £17.50
The Lewis Carroll Handbook revised by Denis Crutch *Dawson Publishing/Archon Books* £15

Between the age of 29 and his death in 1898 at 66, Lewis Carroll kept a Letter Register ('it's my own invention') which recorded in meticulous detail the content and context of 98,721 letters. Altogether, he must have written very many more. Out of the 4,000 which have come to light, this 1,300 page edition prints 1,305, with an apparatus which emulates Charles Dodgson's daunting thoroughness. It's a highly professional job – which are not quite the terms one would use for the *Lewis Carroll Handbook*, a bibliography first compiled in 1931 and updated by Denis Crutch and the indefatigable Lancelyn Green. Certainly this is a thorough and exact reference book, but, oddly, it chooses to retain the prolix musings of the earlier editors, whose tastes seem quaintly distant: the *Alice* verses ('A boat, beneath a sunny sky,' etc) are praised as 'a very beautiful poem'; Collingwood's boring and over-respectful *Life* of his uncle is called 'very readable and satisfactory'. There are no such soggy patches in the edi-

tion of the *Letters*. The index is exemplary, the photographs are splendid, the cross-references to the published and unpublished Diaries and to works on Carroll are very full; but it's the footnotes' potted biographies of all the people, Carroll knew which most impress.

Many of these are notables: Carroll was friendly with Tennyson, the Rossettis, Ruskin, George Macdonald, Charlotte Yonge, Thomas Arnold's family, and in the theatrical world, with Tom Taylor, the Beerbohm-Trees, and Ellen Terry and her sisters ('He was as fond of me as he could be of any one over the age of ten'). The letters illustrate the network of relationships between the 19th-century cultured middle classes, and are full of details about the famous: Tennyson's rage at having unpublished MS copies of poems circulated, and his refusal to explain 'The Lady of Shalott', Irving's bullying Ellen Terry not to take time off for a bad throat. And, of course, they document Victorian Oxford: blocked drains and overcooked vegetables, sermons and bills, donnish dinner-parties: 'I have got the Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, whom I think you will find (as soon as you have got over his rather forbidding frown and the almost morose severity of his manner) not nearly so disagreeable a person to talk to as you might at first expect.'

But persevering editing has also traced the life histories of a great many people with no claim to fame except in having been little girls whom Lewis Carroll made friends with on railway journeys, or on the beach at Eastbourne (where he spent his summers), or 'borrowed' from their Oxford mothers for photographing. The unexceptional destinies of these children provide an instructive record of ordinary middle-class Victorian life.

As we note how one angelic child-friend grows up to be a headmistress, another to marry a banker, a kind of bleak pathos begins to attach itself to all this dry information. 'Mind you don't grow a bit older', Carroll writes Humpty Dumptyishly to Gertrude Chataway, aged 10, whom he's met on the beach in her 'wading attire'. 'If anything, you'd better grow a *little* younger — go back to your last birthday but one.' Four years later he writes to her mother: 'I wonder when I shall meet my (no longer) little friend again! Our friendship was very intense while it lasted — but it has gone like a dream.' Letter after letter complains of child-friends putting up their hair, changing from 'yours affectionately' to 'yours truly' when they write, and from kissing to handshaking when they meet. Letters to grown-up child-friends try to preserve the 'Wonderland' idiom ('please regard the enclosed as an *unwedding* present'), and Carroll starts referring to himself as 'an aged aged man' in his early 50s, as though to keep his shape-changing friends from catching up.

It's as easy to be knowing and superior about all this as it is to psychoanalyse the *Alice* books. Other examples of Victorian 'abnormality' (Ruskin's passion for the nine-year-old Rose LaTouche, Charles Kingsley's pent-up fantasy life — and as for Swinburne!)



facilitate the treatment of the Rev. Charles Dodgson as an Edgar Allan Poe of the Senior Common Room, a repressed pederast who sublimated his sexuality in the writing of the *Alice* books and the photographing of little girls, often in the nude. This approach, which infers a Carroll/Dodgson 'split' between escapist artist and repressed logician-academic, has been commonplace for some time. Empson (in *Some Versions of Pastoral*) made the first and wittiest Freudian analysis of *Alice* in 1935, where he shrewdly compares the gnat's pathetic attempts to amuse Alice with Dodgson's feelings for his child-friends, 'afraid that even so innocent a love as his may be cruel', and in 1947 a silly biography by one Florence Becker Lennon makes facile use of psychoanalytical terms: 'Carroll preferred little girls because his emotional clock had been jammed. People have wondered what he did with his love life. Now it can be told. He loved little girls, but, like Peter Pan, he had no intention of marrying them.'

Carroll's playful letters to his child-friends lend themselves, quite as much as the *Alice* books, to repression-spotting:

Whenever you wish to punish your brothers, you will find it very convenient to do so by running the knife into their hands and faces (particularly the end of the nose); you will find it gives a good deal of pain if you run it in hard enough!

I will drink your health — but perhaps you object? ... 'Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!' And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! 'My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all!* I never saw such a thing in my life!' 'Oh, I can easily explain it!' your Mother will say. 'You see she *would* go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!'

All Carroll's characteristics, including the obsessional letter-writing, point to anxiety. He stammered, and suffered from insomnia; he hung on nervously to his 'alias' long after it had been penetrated; he was inordinately fussy and precise (in matters ranging from stocking the Christ Church wine cellars to making sure his illustrators got things exactly right — though Tenniel, who insisted on the cancellation of the now near-priceless first edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, was evidently quite as particular), and he was exceptionally prudish. Carroll's love of the theatre (like his friendship with Ellen Terry after the break-up of her marriage) was fraught with difficulties.

William Golding Darkness Visible

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—Craig Raine, *New Statesman*. £4.95

FABER & FABER

He was shocked by a chorus of children singing 'He said Damn me' in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore*; he refused to go to *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*; he suggested that Irving should cut the 'horrible and revolting' lines 'That for this favour/He presently become a Christian' from his production of *The Merchant of Venice*; and he wanted to make a 'Bowdlerised Bowdler', 'a Shakespeare which shall be absolutely fit for girls'.

His correspondence with mothers, suggesting that their daughters might come to tea alone or visit him at Eastbourne or be photographed, bristles with propriety, all the more when he is making coy semi-humorous references to Mrs Grundy. And in his search for possible nude models he repeatedly insists on the need to use only 'children of nature'. 'If I thought there was any fear of its lessening their beautiful simplicity of character, I would not ask it.' The idea of not being trusted alone with them – as in one painful series of letters to a suspicious mother – appals him.

The combination in Carroll of innocence and prudery – encompassing 'children of nature' and stage censorship – is not peculiar if seen as a characteristic product of puritan theology and of Romantic philosophy. (Empson pinpoints Carroll's acceptance of Wordsworthian values – the child's right relation to nature – and his parody of the Wordsworthian sublime in *Alice*.) But we are embarrassed by it, much as we are embarrassed by Tennyson's love for Hallam as a subject for 'In Memoriam'. Platonic love between men and the innocence of children (or of loving children) are irrecoverable 19th-century ideals. Naked children and effusive sentiments are more taboo for us than for the 'repressed' Victorians. The usual defence of Tennyson's 'innocence', as Christopher Ricks says, is that it is 'somehow unhistorical, naively post-Freudian' to assume that he was a repressed homosexual; and he cites Gordon Haight: 'The Victorians' conception of love between those of the same sex cannot be understood fairly by an age steeped in Freud.' Ricks goes on to say that perhaps this doesn't matter for the poem; and the same can be said of the *Alice* books. However interpreted (and however much disliked for the snobbery which is also rife in the letters: none of Carroll's little friends are 'Mabels'), they are still extraordinary and captivating. But it *does* matter, if the Victorians are to be properly considered. There has to be a way of accommodating the Freudian legacy of self-consciousness with the discredited qualities of 'sincerity' and 'innocence', if a figure such as Lewis Carroll – prim, nervous, affectionate, inspired – is not to be patronised.

Among this week's contributors:

MICHAEL RATCLIFFE is chief book reviewer of *The Times* and was one of this year's Booker Prize judges.

JERRY KUEHL is working with Thames Television. He was Associate Producer of *The World at War*, and is a member of the History and Current Affairs selection committee of the National Film Archive.

IAN CARTER is Senior Lecturer in Sociology at the University of Aberdeen. He is author of *Farm Life in Northeast Scotland, 1840-1914*.

ROZSIKA PARKER, a member of the *Spare Rib* magazine collective, has recently co-authored a book on women and art.

Ian Carter

Rural Rides

Green and Pleasant Land: Social Change in Rural England by HOWARD NEWBY *Hutchinson* £8.95

Property, Paternalism and Power: Class and Control in Rural England by HOWARD NEWBY, COLIN BELL, DAVID ROSE and PETER SAUNDERS, *Hutchinson* £12.50

In social terms the English countryside is a closed world – or, more accurately, a set of closed circles like the Olympic symbol. Farmers, intensely conservative and intensely Conservative, eat, drink and gossip with other farmers, marry other farmers' daughters. Land-owners and farmers dominate local councils, keeping the rates low and preserving a low-wage economy by preventing rural industrialisation. Specialised academics and quasi-academics, from agricultural economists through surveyors to agricultural advisers, maintain a common definition of the problems facing agriculture, and of the solutions to those problems. The complete colonisation of the Ministry of Agriculture by the NFU and the Country Landowners' Association ensures that dissenting opinions are firmly excluded. Thus the three per cent of the population who work in agriculture sit in their laager, alternately romanticised and despised by the rest

of us, producing goods whose value makes agriculture the most important industry in the country. And yet so completely is agriculture ignored by the Labour Party that any ambitious MP who can distinguish a cow from a sheep has an excellent chance of becoming Labour's agricultural spokesman.

British sociology has a dismal record in trying to penetrate these closed circles. Only Howard Newby has made the attempt. Surmounting the disadvantage of being identified by the *Sunday Times* as one of the leading academics of the 1980s, his reports from East Anglia form much the most important piece of modern English rural sociology. Two years ago he published *The Deferential Worker*, his study of farm workers. Now comes *Property, Paternalism and Power*, the report of the SSRC-financed study of East Anglian farmers. Newby uses data from both these books, together with new material, to write his credo in *Green and Pleasant Land*: a thoughtful and unsentimental book that is required reading for anyone who seeks to penetrate the whimsy and mystification that passes for popular description and analysis of the English countryside.

In *Green and Pleasant Land* we start, quite properly, with agricultural production – the motor that drives everything else in the countryside. Newby documents the inexorable trend towards capital intensive agriculture in the lowlands, a trend that is limited only by the willingness of farmers to embrace the logic of agribusiness. Intensification means mechanisation, which means fewer jobs: an ever smaller number of ever larger farms employ a declining number of hired workers

JO GRIMOND

Memoirs

"Many of his admirers will look to his memoirs for more human and personal stuff than political history, and they will not be disappointed."

Maurice Green *Daily Telegraph*

"Mr Grimond's reminiscences are notable for the quality and range of his reflections."

The Scotsman

"These memoirs are both a celebration of and an urgent plea for the maintenance of the great values of British Liberalism – for tolerance, for individuality, for nonconformity, for independence, for common sense."

Oxford Mail

£7.95


Heinemann

who are trapped socially, forced into ever closer relations with their employers and prevented from appreciating or asserting their own interests. Wealthy capitalist farmers pay scandalously low wages to their workers, and neither the workers nor the NUAAW do much about it.

As mechanisation forces more men off the land, so their houses are bought up by the urban petty bourgeoisie seeking a rural idyll. Death Cottage becomes Mon Repos. These incomers cause complex social currents. On the one hand, ignorant of modern agriculture they fight farmers over the use of pesticides, over hedge-grubbing and straw-burning. On the other hand in defence of their rural dream – and property values – these newcomers join with farmers and land-owners to prevent the construction of council houses and factories in villages. The rural idyll is preserved at the expense of the rural poor: trapped in a low-wage economy, and with no prospect of public housing for them or their children to occupy, these folk witness the inexorable contraction of those public services on which they, more than farmers or incoming professionals, have to depend. Rural planning was supposed to prevent this kind of immiseration but, Newby argues powerfully, 'So far it has been the most privileged members of English rural society who have benefited most from the operations of the planning system in rural areas, while the poor and the deprived have gained comparatively little.'

In evaluating Newby's achievement it is important to recognise that he did his work at Essex University. He is aware of the enormous regional variation in English agriculture – Scotland and Wales are excluded from his analysis – but despite his determined attempts not to be parochial his work does rest four-square on East Anglian evidence. Nowhere do we find any significant discussion of social relations of agricultural production in the more pastoral districts of northern and western England. Newby defends his concentration on the south and east by claiming that these arable districts, dominated by capitalist farmers rather than pre-capitalist family farmers, show less advanced districts an image of their own future. But this ignores the long debate, from Lenin and Kautsky on, about the peculiar manner in which capitalism penetrates agriculture. Indeed, both of these books would have benefited from an infusion of modern Marxist work on agriculture. Newby's Weberianism leads him to concentrate on the farm business as the unit of analysis. This has some advantages – it allows him to make good use of the voluminous neo-classical agricultural economics literature, for instance – but it means that for most purposes tenants and owner-occupying farmers are lumped together with land-owners working land in hand. The lack of a clear class framework for the analysis means that a term like 'ruling-class' often used in these books, rattles around until it is degraded from an analytical concept to the merest insult. The same difficulties face Newby's attempt at prophecy. Rejecting the view that energy scarcity will force a change of direction, he plumps for the extrapolation of existing trends in agriculture; the intensification of all branches of production except those few where, as in the case of sheep, animal cussedness prevents the shift to factory production. But there is an argument, not considered by Newby, that claims that agriculture differs from other branches of capitalist pro-

duction in that labour time is a relatively small part of total production time. Only those branches of agriculture where labour time approaches production time – examples are broiler chicken and intensive pig units – will become fully capitalised. In other cases the logic of capitalist production sets limits to intensification and capitalisation.

If these two books could have done with deeper and more solid theoretical foundations then we must not devalue what Newby does give us. He summarises a great deal of arcane literature on modern agricultural production and makes it available to the general reader. He then shows how changes in productive organisation and changes in wider economic conditions induce changes in social relations of production – the penetration of finance capital, the bewildering proliferation of tenancy forms, the steady immiseration of the rural proletariat. His demonstration of the way in which farmers' economic dominance is translated into political dominance, and then subverts the redistributive intentions of the planning process, is particularly valuable. These books have a refreshing astringency after the cloying sentimentality of most 'country writing'. They should find a place on every ambitious Labour politician's bookshelf, alongside *The Observer's Book of Farm Animals*.

Andrew Motion

Dazzling

Lies and Secrets by JOHN FULLER *Secker* £3.50

Selected Poems by ELIZABETH JENNINGS *Carcanet* £3.95

Moments of Grace by ELIZABETH JENNINGS *Carcanet* £2.95

Poems, 1928-1978 by STANLEY KUNITZ *Secker* £6.50

Forays by ROBERT CONQUEST *Chatto* £3.00

Poets from the North of Ireland edited by Frank Ormsby *Blackstaff* £6.95 and £3.95

Five American Poets introduced by Michael Schmidt *Carcanet* £3.25

John Fuller's first four books of poetry were praised for their technical virtuosity – sometimes at the expense of their main thematic concerns. And when his fifth, *The Mountain in the Sea*, came out in 1975 the surprise of its uncharacteristically free forms dominated critical attention. His new collection, although it reverts to earlier, stricter methods, doesn't let off meanings so lightly. The dazzlingly finished constructions aren't allowed – as they occasionally were in the past – to become an end in themselves and a replacement for thoughts which proved unmanageably difficult or painful. Instead, formal dexterity is continually regulated to suit the demands of content, and the result is his best and most serious book yet. From time to time there's a distracting whiff of the Poetry Comp. (in his Oxford Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject, for instance), but he usually manages to humanise the artifice associated with occasional verse, and always creates an impressive balance of objectivity and involvement.

'Annie Upside Down' is a case in point, suitably, because it's the first poem in the

collection, and concentrates most of its major themes. The peculiarity of its heroine's plight – hanging upside down on a barbed wire fence like 'a wounded umbrella' – is prevented from remaining merely strange by Fuller's handling of detail. As Annie's indignation gives way to fear, he refuses to lose contact with her physical 'position', or permit its oddness to command all his attention. And what begins by seeming remote and faintly ludicrous ends by becoming intimate and tragic:

The years fall out of your pockets, something
comes in

To your head like a passing thought
And can't be set to rights once it's got inside
your skin.

There: you're caught.

A large number of images in 'Annie Upside Down' are concerned, in one way or another, with children: sixpenny magnets, pencil-boxes, pantomimes and so on. These fulfil a variety of purposes, and one of them is to generate, during the course of the bizarre disaster, a sense of reality which is both familiar and half-forgotten. They are palpable but disturbing reminders of life, and Annie clings to them as the poem moves from describing her physical situation to retailing her reflections on nostalgia, anxiety and hope. Elsewhere, children officiate at many similar transitions from the particular to the general, and often introduce the same preoccupations. 'Blind Man's Buff', 'Musical Chairs' and 'Charades' are three obvious examples. In all of them, Fuller uses party games to create a sense of disorientation which, to him, is as perturbing as Annie's, and which forces him to face life as 'a problem he must solve'. This emphasis on the riddling aspect of experience recurs throughout the book. As its title suggests, meanings, identities and pronouncements are usually lies or secrets or both. The human condition, whether intellectual or emotional, is always dauntingly complex because it is always 'a fiction carefully rehearsed'.

To puzzle over riddle and investigate fictions as diligently as he does is proof of Fuller's intelligence. And to realise that his endeavours cannot be finally concluded is testament to his integrity. He knows that character is too fluid and life too unpredictable for there to be much chance of finding absolute authenticity. His elegy 'In the Corridor' and long (20 page) dramatic monologue 'The Most Difficult Position' suggest that only mortality, sorrow and heartbreak can be relied upon to be repeatedly and harrowingly themselves. But these and other poems also insist on the power of hope to combat such certainties: whatever the threats, page after page turns to meet their challenge.

Best books are thick on the ground at present: Elizabeth Jennings's new collection, *Moments of Grace*, is easily her most assured. The simultaneous publication of her *Selected Poems* illustrates this with what is sometimes rather unnerving clarity. Although she has always produced excellently-crafted poems, she has also tended to reduce their lyric force by including ruminatively philosophical material. In principle, of course, her ambition is entirely praiseworthy; in practice it invariably results in flat statements of the obvious. But there are disadvantages, as well, in her staying too obediently within the confines of strict form, and this is particularly evident in her poems dealing with mental illness. She's prepared to admit that 'It does not seem like a

time for lucid rhyming:/Too much disturbs', but always sticks to it – for what are clearly very good personal reasons – and thereby fails to register the full extent of her agitation. As often as not, her work published before about 1970 falls between these two stools. It either distorts itself by tackling 'Big questions', or inhibits itself by refusing to let 'the deep words come/However much they hurt and shock and bruise'.

Moments of Grace, like *Growing Points* and *Consequently I Rejoice* before it (neither book is represented in the *Selected Poems*), solves this dilemma with moving and gratifying frequency. Sweeping statements are much fewer and further between, and her personal poems are more candidly revealing. Paradoxically, this makes them more general as well – largely because she has discovered how to combine the presentation of herself as an individual with the knowledge of herself as a representative. In previous collections, her acute sensitivity always threatened to produce self-absorption. Now it's a guarantee of sociability, prompts her to keep a close eye on the world about her, and enables her to recreate even the most fleeting epiphanies:

One window in my room
Is open to the warmth that channels through
Shafts of coldness. I have come
Into a season and all acts I do
Are steeped in gold, royal authority.

Yeats is usually cited as the exception who proves the rule that most poets, after peaking somewhere in their 30s, steadily deteriorate as they get older. And Yeats, it seems, is mainly responsible for making Stanley Kunitz another such odd-man-out. If the early work in *The Poems of Stanley Kunitz 1928-1978* is anything to go by, its author's development was severely retarded by admiration for Innisfree and its environs. In recent years, how-

ever, he's stopped winding himself in 'the bright thread of a dream', and turned his back on myth kitties. The first third of the book – it's arranged in reverse chronology – is consistently unilluminated and contains the rewards of half a century's effort to establish a durably sincere style and poetic personality.

But even while discovering his greatest strengths as a pragmatic realist, Kunitz is tormented by some aspects of his original romanticism. Inflated rhetoric and exaggerated self-consciousness are still liable to compromise him when he writes with an entirely straight face. He's obviously aware of this problem himself – 'I am not what I was', he says in 'The Layers', 'though some principle of being/abides' – and has adopted an increasingly wry tone of humour to cure it. This isn't used to evade seriousness, but to register its unavoidably preposterous, embarrassing and comic aspects. In doing so it enlarges the human application of poems like 'River Road' or 'Signs and Portents', and thereby enlists a greater degree of sympathy than his earlier and more unremitting gravities.

Robert Conquest's work shows little signs of such development. The tones and terms he adopts are almost exactly the same in his new collection as they were in *New Lines* over 20 years ago. In fact, *Forays* conjures up the Movement with a precision usually reserved for parody. The jazz music, alcohol, slang and bluff (often pretend) ignorance of the arts are all present and correct. So too is the mildly self-correcting rationalism – the 'But no,/Wait a minute, how can/That be right' manner, which by now is sufficiently well-rehearsed to seem more like evasion than honest doubt. Conquest obviously realises that such strategies are no longer very convincing, and at one point he implies that he knows they're 'Skimpy rations'. But the realisation isn't, unfortunately, enough to prevent him from using them as his – and our – only means of nourishment.

Finally, a couple of valuable anthologies. Frank Ormsby's *Poets from the North of Ireland* contains no surprises but a large number of very good poems. Michael Schmidt's *Five American Poets* is more crusading. It gives a generous selection from work by Robert Hass, John Matthias, James McMichael, John Peck and Robert Pinsky, all of whom 'shared an apprenticeship' at Stanford, during the last years of Yvor Winters's reign. His influence has obviously been of the best sort – helping them to determine their allegiance to his faith in good sense and clarity, while at the same time freeing them to be themselves.

Alan Hollinghurst

Higher Truths

Enter a Dragon – Stage Centre by CARYL BRAHMS Hodder & Stoughton £5.95

Legend of the Yellow River by SOMERSET DE CHAIR Constable £4.95

All Fires the Fire by JULIO CORTAZAR Marion Boyars £5.95

The historical novel functions under varying assumptions about its factual and fictional ingredients and the relationship between them, and both Caryl Brahms and Somerset de Chair append explanatory notes to their new books to show us what degree of 'artistic licence' has been taken. Caryl Brahms provided a disclaimer to her earlier novel about Shakespeare, *No Bed for Bacon*, stating that it was 'fundamentally unsound'. Her new entertainment is 'an embroidered life of Mrs Siddons' – a more richly documented subject, and one treated by her with a proportionate degree of freedom: 'A great deal of research was undertaken and . . . discarded.' The object of this historical rummage-clearing is apparently to consolidate the 'Higher Truth' of things according to Agate's definition: not as they happened but as they 'should have happened'. Quite why, though, they should have happened like *this* is not made clear.

'It will come as no shock to the Reader of Sensibility,' she observes at one point, though such a reader clearly would be shocked by the lumbering, over-written comedy of the novel, whose subject after all is integral to the Age of Sensibility – a culture Miss Brahms chooses to ignore. The presence and effect of Mrs Siddons are treated as a joke, as are the social conditions of her time which are deliberately 'discarded', to create a picture of the England of 'Milord and his good Lady', 'the charmingly faded passions of Sarah Siddons' days.' A portrait of Mrs Siddons by Lawrence is described – half-mockingly – as 'Heady stuff'; half-distastefully too, one feels.

The novel determinedly avoids the heady by means of heavily-ironic, repetitive humour, forceful and superficial, Dickensian but without resonance or motivation. The manner is one of relished comic archaisms and jolly pedantry. But anachronism is only of value

Craig Raine

The Trout Farm

The trout are silent choristers,
singing for our supper

a cold-blooded requiem mass,
though every one's throat is cut.

Death is a young Elizabethan lad
who shambles across the yard,

his waders shrunk to buckets
round each ankle. For him,

the trout are stacked in rows
like a crate of open-mouthed empties,

waiting to be carted away.
He doesn't see their soft Vandykes

or the beautifully tarnished mail
as glorious as a silver spoon

that changes to sombre indigo
at the touch of an ordinary egg . . .

He kills them scientifically.
At the touch of a switch,

they become rigidly ridiculous,
aristocrats with monocles,

shocked as a Bateman cartoon
when some bounder mentions death.

The boy turns to offer me
a miniature organ of cigarettes . . .

New Statesman 2 November 1979

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BANANAS

in so far as it illuminates historical subjects by a new antithesis or cross-reference; inaccuracy – the simply ‘unsound’ – surely serves little purpose. We read of ‘the Neo-Palladian stucco of the Bath Crescents and Circuses’ – a kind of suggestive historical wash, it’s true, but one which suggests the wrong thing. Who could think that Bath ‘should have been’ stucco?

Somerset de Chair avoids this boisterous vagueness with a refined – and indeed Oriental – vision. His narrator realises ‘I am inevitably, and entirely contrary to my own wishes, one of the greatest explorers in the world.’ Sent twice by a Han Dynasty Chinese Emperor on gruelling missions to Persia, his reactions to his experiences show a naive and revelatory wonder which is constantly controlled by a natural modesty into a laconic and poetic vividness. Wang, a sculptor forced to become a soldier, is a moral innocent, a picaresque hero whose reactions deftly draw our attention to the Chinese paradoxes of nauseating bloodthirstiness and extreme aesthetic sophistication. His early adventures – characterised by a charming and stylised eroticism – create a mood of nonchalance and self-effacement which continues even through the epic disasters of the later part of the novel. The first expedition is described at length, the second conveyed in a series of vivid and memorable sketches, brilliant and economical. This nonchalance – not unrelated to hints of religious and philosophical positions elsewhere in the book – is carried through to the original twist of the ending, typical of the opportunist wit of the narrator. Whatever licence may have been claimed (less liable to detection perhaps by an English audience) it is clearly justified by the very manner of the novel, whose priority is a genuine artistic economy, expressive, not burdensome.

Julio Cortázar’s manipulation of history is the freest and the most strategic. Here anachronism is directed to complex and disturbing purpose. His stories are fuelled by dream and nightmare, which develop into forceful fables of liberty and experience. In ‘The Southern Thruway’ the horrific subject is a traffic-jam on a six-lane motorway which lasts for over a week. Locked into new, random communities the drivers (identified by the names of the cars by which they are trapped) develop a new kind of interdependence, new hopes and perspectives, and are even sad when the jam finally dissolves and they are precipitated back into the demands of quotidian Paris. The logical and the illogical exist side by side, and make surprising demands upon each other. In ‘The Other Heaven’ an imaginary, a dream-fantasy Paris, charged with youthful erotic longings and fears and romanticism, for a while transforms the Buenos Aires of the abrasive wartime, but is itself eventually dissolved by the charmless responsibilities of adult existence. Cortázar shifts with an intuitive and penetrating sureness between the superimposed imaginative layers of his work; in ‘Nurse Cora’ this involves a continuous changing of narrative position even in the middle of sentences, creating an almost asphyxiating sense of each occasion, felt intensely through all the characters. The highly fragmented manner of his earlier *Cronopios and Famas* with its pungent morality, zany humour and uncanny observation, is here consolidated into compulsive stories which achieve their ends by an alarming (and truthful) insinuation.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Jerry Kuehl

A Little Closer: the Films of Joris Ivens

He’s met more heads of state, perhaps, than Henry Kissinger, and got on better with them all. He knew Mao Tse-tung; Ho Chi-minh admired him, so did Salvador Allende, Fidel Castro, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Ernest Hemingway was his assistant. Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Djiga Vertov all sought his advice about film making. Alberto Moravia and Jacques Prevert wrote commentaries for his films, and Virgil Thomson and Dmitri Shostakovich wrote music for him. He made his first film when he was 13 years old. He has worked for Australian trade unions, multinational corporations, the Government of Mali and the city of Rotterdam. He has directed films in the United States, Canada, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, Yugoslavia, Chile, Cuba, Australia, and Africa. He filmed in China in the 1930s, the 1950s and again in the 1970s. At this moment he is back in China teaching.

His name is Joris Ivens. The ICA, which is currently (until 7 November) showing a collection of photographs and documents about his life and work, has just completed a retrospective of his films. The National Film Theatre, too, has recently finished the second part of a season devoted to him. A biography by Rosalind Delmer, together with a collection of his essays, the first in English, will be published this month by the British Film Institute. A good time, one would think, to celebrate and perhaps make an interim assessment of the long career of a most remarkable man.

And yet, the celebration has gone a bit sour. The ICA exhibition and screenings have not received much attention. The NFT season has been, in the words of one of its organisers, a box office disaster. And now that the screenings are over, Joris Ivens will remain almost totally unknown in this country, except to a tiny handful of professional film makers and documentary enthusiasts. Clearly, something needs explaining: were the stay-at-home instincts of the London public sound? Or was their indifference symptomatic of a deep-seated and worrying cultural parochialism?

What is so remarkable about Joris Ivens is not so much his prodigality – though to make 60 films in as many years is certainly a remarkable achievement – as his versatility and lucidity. The history of Ivens’s long career has been the history of the clear sighted use of a number of filmic conventions and technologies, each adopted as the result of careful reflection, and each intended to meet the requirements of particular audiences and circumstances. Thus Ivens’s thoughts on the psychology of film sponsors is of practical value not only to those who set out to make industrial films for Philips (as Ivens has done) but also to those who make films for municipal authorities or third world governments (as Ivens has also done).

He began as an ‘experimental’ film maker. Neither of his first films, *The Bridge* (1928) or *Rain* (1929) told a story. *Rain*, had a point, though: to ‘make an audience feel damp and not just dampness’. Ivens wrote in his autobiography, *The Camera and I*, from which all quotations in this article are taken, how happy he was when an audience leaving the theatre was surprised to find the weather outside clear. But dissatisfied at making a film about cities with the people left out, he was overjoyed when in 1929 the Amsterdam Building Trades Union invited him to make a recruiting film. On the strength of that commission he became – to use the language of the 1970s – a committed, radical film maker who had himself and his camera tied to a pile driver so as to get ‘a little closer’ to the ‘sensation of impact’ in order to get across the ‘physical effect of the rhythmic, powerful pounding’. All of his films from then on could be seen as attempts to get ‘a little closer’. A little closer to what it was like to build a blast furnace in the Urals in the middle of winter (*Song of Heroes*, 1932); to what it was like to be a Flemish miner at the end of a failed strike (*Borinage*, 1933); or a Spanish villager, bombed from the air (*Spanish Earth*, 1937); or an American farmer getting electricity for the first time (*Power and the Land*, 1940).

These films were all recognisably from the same stylistic mould. They told stories, but did not use actors: they used real peasants or miners to act or re-enact relevant events in their own lives and work. Today we would call them dramatised documentaries. After 1960, Ivens began to change his methods: his account of daily life in China, *How Yukong Moved the Mountains* was a model of cinema vérité. No coaching, no re-enactment, no set ups – it was a technique he borrowed from his ethnographic film maker colleague Jean Rouch, and he made no apologies for adopting it. ‘The theatre screen is not a window through which you look at the world, it is a world in itself’, he wrote nearly 40 years ago, and he believes it still. So there is no mystery about why he should have adopted the techniques of cinema vérité: they are not a radical departure: they are simply a technical convenience, and a challenge – like 16mm film, colour, and sound were in their time. What is seen on the theatre screen will always be a world in itself. But if using the techniques of cinema vérité can get that world ‘a little closer’ to the world outside, that is reason enough for adopting them.

It’s easy to see why a film maker who believed such things would arouse controversy. But indifference? The explanation may have less to do with what he has done than with when he did it, and, more important, where: Dutch Trade Unions in 1929, Belgian Miners on strike in 1933. But

everyone knows that in the Twenties and Thirties radical film makers worked for the Empire marketing board and the Post Office, not the TGWU or the TUC; and that the first slums to appear on the screen were audaciously insinuated into mid-Thirties advertising films made to sell gas cookers. Who knows or cares that some Dutchman had been putting working men and women on the screen for years? That attitude is with us yet, though the screen we watch is on the television set. Others may report from Cuba, Vietnam, Chile, or China, but until the teams from World at Ten decide to go out there, those places don't exist. But they do exist, of course, and for anyone who wants to see them through the eyes of someone who has been watching them for many years there's still a little time. The ICA exhibition includes clips from some of Joris Ivens's films. It's open for another week. Go.

Television

Julian Barnes

Almost Yuman

ITV returned to our screens this week with two heavyweight, rampaging egos: those of Henry Kissinger and Muhammad Ali. *The Frost-Kissinger Interview* (LWT) by all accounts produced a kerfuffle in the States, with, as usual, the story-behind-the-story being as reported as the event itself (Kissinger outraged at the lèse-majesté with which he was treated; Frost leant on by NBC executives; Frost's resignation). From this side of the water the result looked less sensational, and it was hard to fault ITV's programmers for assigning it the well-known 'worthy-but-turgid' slot of 12 to 1 on a Sunday morning – a location previously occupied by Peter Jay, Brian Walden, and narcotic shows like *Nuts and Bolts of the Economy*. A ponderous, clipboard-conning Frost had, you didn't doubt, mastered what his researchers provided; the researchers, you didn't doubt, had mastered the intricacies of Kissinger's Indochina policy; but you never felt confident that Frost's side of the discussion was more than one question deep.

Still, as with Hua Guofeng last week, a good rule was listen to the language. Every word Kissinger spoke seemed to have been morally laundered. Interfering with the domestic policy of another country 'is always a very complicated matter' (as opposed to anything approaching 'is wrong'); the destabilisation of Chile was 'rather incompetent'. The right form of words would ensure that any criticism could be held at bay, encircled, neutralised. Asked why Nixon lied publicly (and voluntarily) about bombing the Cambodian sanctuaries, Kissinger answered, 'That was a hyperbole'; asked about his own repetition of the lie to the American press, his tongue refused 'Yes, I lied', and came up instead with 'That was not a correct statement'.

New Statesman 2 November 1979

When invited to consider his own character, the Dalek tone increased. 'Brilliant but insecure', they said of him: Kissinger entered *noelo contendere* to the first adjective; on the second, he yielded that 'in matters of yuman relationships I think it is probably true that I develop more slowly. . .'. But marriage, he added, 'has given me an insight into the yuman dimension that I didn't always possess'. As if 'the yuman dimension' was something unconnected with politics, unconnected with running a war in which men die. Is that how men of state propose nowadays – 'Darling, I want you to give me an insight into the yuman dimension.'

The yuman dimension was present at *Muhammad Ali's Greatest Hits* (LWT) in the shape of the boxer's third wife, who seemed sulkily displeased with events whenever the camera was on her. Perhaps the sight of a studioful of sycophantic limey celebs gathered to praise Cassius – and then applaud him for praising himself – was more than she could bear. Ali – now fleshing out into what Lowell called Ford Madox Ford: 'Master mammoth mumbler' – has been the greatest modern exponent of a beastly sport; he is a fast verbal counter-puncher; and he possesses a dangerous helping of charm.

But he's also a roaring egomaniac; a crude anti-Semite (the celebs pusillanimously failed to register disapproval of Ali's two cracks in this area); and, when not talking about himself or boxing – preferably himself *and* boxing – he is a tedious dispenser of cracker-motto wisdom. 'The man who has no imagination, he stands on earth, he has no wings, he cannot fly' is the sort of lumbering quote Ali likes to repeat to his audience in case they don't haul it in the first time round. The most interesting point emerged from a question by *World of Sport's* Dickie Davies: when Henry Cooper knocked Clay down right at the end of a round, Angelo Dundee deliberately slit open one of his fighter's gloves and pulled out the stuffing – to waste time and allow his man to recover. Maybe this is why Ali nowadays stresses God's assistance so much: when a mere yuman was helping him, he had to rely on cheating.

The World About Us (BBC-2) this week came up with a more picturesque form of cheating. In Kuwait, the temperature never officially rises above 44 degrees, even when it is in reality hotter (it goes up to the 50s – the 120s to you and me). This is because building work would then have to stop; and rather than allow this, the authorities fake the temperature. This curious fact emerged from Jonathan Raban's lively and sympathetic film, in which he penetrated the closed, cellular Kuwaiti society with an unpatronising curiosity rare among Westerners in Arabia.

There were the odd cross-cultural shocks – the local architect with a print of *Guernica* behind his desk; the Japanese electric organ simulating a whole Arabian orchestra – but Raban's smart comparison of Kuwait now to Venice in 1399 (that's the current date on their calendar) gave the right context to such moments: from their angle, it's not a question of cultural inferiority, but of a bustling, expanding nation seizing the best of what the world has to offer.

And who are we to argue? After all, it's we British who now provide the indentured labour; and in Kuwait, as Raban pointed out, the reputation we have is as good, dependable servants.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Greasy King

Sergeant Ola and his Followers by DAVID LAN
Royal Court

Tishoo by BRIAN THOMPSON *Wyndhams*

My Fair Lady by LERNER & LOEWE *Adelphi*

What the Butler Saw by JOE ORTON *Old Vic*

David Lan is the Margaret Mead of the contemporary British theatre. While others stay at home and contemplate their own alienation, he is busy in South Africa or northern Spain, or among the Kwakiute Indians on Vancouver Island, or, as in his latest effort, observing the cargo-cultists of New Guinea. The natives have been promised 'progress' as the reward for helping the allies drive out the Japanese, but when will progress come and precisely what will it be? First, Ola and his acolytes try magic incantations, such as 'God savvy our greasy king'. Then they switch their allegiance from their own ancestors, who are parrots, the colonialists' forebears; Adam and Eve; and still it does not rain electric razors and Austin 7's. Disillusioned, they decide the parrots have been imprisoned by the Darwinian monkeys a white has casually mentioned as the origin of his species, and they instruct the dying to liberate them when they reach heaven. Finally desperate, some start burning their houses in hopes of galvanising their ancestors into action, while others dictate ceremonial prayers into make-believe telephones and typewriters. An airstrip is prepared in readiness for the goodies; and yet cargo does not come.

Some of the play's failings may be debited against Mr Lan, some not. The lack of dramatic momentum, the feeling of looseness and drift presumably is his fault: the economic climate may help explain the reduction of suffering Guinea into two wailing girls, one crouched young man, one shuffling old man, and the ingenuous, resilient Ola, played by Norman Beaton with furrowed bravado. Yet Mr Lan's intelligence is not as desultory as his technique sometimes seems. He believes his Guineans have been cynically, contemptuously cheated and exploited, but so far from sentimentalising their nostalgia and hopes, he interjects a dream-sequence replete with concrete hotels, transistor radios and no-trespassing signs, to expose the grisly materialism of their ambitions. Moreover, his fable is as suggestive as the best anthropology always is. Don't we, too, sometimes confuse appearance with reality, trace back effects to sensorially mistaken causes, jump to glib conclusions, and, like the frogs in the Aesop parable, decide that the log in the middle of the pond is really a king sent to us by Jupiter himself? Yet the play isn't only to be seen as a rationalist's critique of superstitious usages: it could as well be a Platonic attack on the assumption that the shadows at the end of our noses are the be-all of truth. Maybe we ourselves are only very sophisticated cargo-cultists, idolising our technology while still not fully comprehending the full intricacy of the nature from which it derives.

We all fall into Ola-type logic from time to time. I have spent the past week maniacally ingesting truckloads of vitamin C in hopes of avoiding my children's killer cold, and no mere scientist or doctor is going to jolt my faith that it's thanks to this potent juju that I'm still hale in the nose-and-throat department. Healthwise, I got cargo, and am perhaps not therefore the ideal audience for *Tishoo*, which involves an academic who has toiled for 17 years in the same grotty lab in search of an authentic cure for the drips and sneezes. Six months more, and he'll have the answer – but will he be permitted so long a respite? The obstacles to success accumulate: his own balky, peppery temperament, drolly incarnated by Alec McCowen; an emotional entanglement with a pale and pink-eyed Penelope Wilton, who trudges past the experimental hutches glumly opining that their relationship has 'gone much further' than mere sex; trades union bloodymindedness, represented by a toytown Hitler seemingly stepped out of that late-Gothic bestiary the *Daily Mail* calls its leader pages; an expanding university, which wants to replace the lab with a carpark; and, not least, Geoffrey Palmer as an unsympathetic vice-chancellor, his suede jacket proclaiming in advance his radical-chic biases.

Somewhere here I got lost. A smart-alec university nabob, which is what Mr Palmer is supposed to be, would surely be delighted if one of his serfs cracked a great medical conundrum. Think of the kudos. But no such thoughts deflect Brian Thompson from his fell purpose, which appears to be to show the stifling of individual enterprise by politically-motivated battalions and, more curiously still, to suggest that the left's suspicion of science verges on Luddism. At any rate, Mr Palmer argues that a cold-cure would

allow ordinary people less time in bed and off work, goes on to tell a cautionary tale about an American viral researcher whose discoveries are being exploited for germ-warfare, decries McCowen's academic expertise and his extracurricular sloth, and ends by declaring that the voters would 'rather sweep you away than forgo a cut in income tax'. Somehow it just doesn't add up even to a plausible absurdity.

Since the new *My Fair Lady* is gorgeous to see and hear, capably enough acted, spoiled only slightly by the capering Cockneys quaintly identified with working-class London, and manifestly predestined by the theatrical gods to be a giant success, let me appease my negative instincts with just one grumble. How dare, how dare Lerner-Loewe end by matching Liza with Higgins when the author himself tells us in an uncharacteristically cosy 'afterword' that she married Freddie, started a flower shop, and occasionally endured acrimonious visits from the Pygmalion she could never quite like? When Beerbolm Tree, who created Higgins, suggested a sentimental rapprochement by tossing Mrs Patrick Campbell's Liza a rose, Shaw was outraged; and rightly so. What would he have made of dewy-eyed Liz Robertson snuggling towards a dejected Tony Britton? Nothing less than a cabbage would have crossed the footlights, and the demented vegetarian himself would have hurled it.

The second of the week's revivals is regarded by Orton's biographer, John Lair, as his masterpiece, and our theatres seem to believe that one day they'll prove him right if only they try, try, try again. This is the fourth *Buller* I've seen, and the fourth to fail to generate the laughter demanded by the Wildean epigrams, the outrageously anarchic plot, and an ending mischievously indebted to

The Importance: a sentimental reconciliation between husband, wife, son and daughter whose mutual dealings to date have mainly consisted of incestuous rape. John Dove's production is sometimes sloppily spoken, but energetically enough performed, especially by Prunella Scales's flaunting nympho of a psychiatrist's wife. Is the trouble, perhaps, a lunatic overload of comic invention? Or is it that farce, which depends on embarrassment and moral shock, cannot thrive in as permissive a clime as Orton portrays?

Films

John Coleman

Over Here

Yanks (AA) Odeon, Leicester Square
My Way Home (AA) Academy Three
Rich Kids (AA) Odeon, Haymarket
Prophecy (X) ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue
Zulu Dawn (A) Classics, Haymarket and Oxford Street; Scene

To be unkind to John Schlesinger's *Yanks*, one might say that it does everything expected of it; and sometimes twice. Both long – at 139 minutes – and slight, this nostalgic recreation of the American invasion of Britain (1942-44) hardly misses a trick. Older readers will recall a bilious domestic gag of the period. What was wrong with the GIs was that they were overpaid, oversexed and – wait for it – over here. An Anglo-American script by Colin Welland

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and Walter Bernstein, expanding on Welland's original story, keeps this well-worn joke firmly in its sights. And the agreeable thing about *Yanks* is that the joke, being comfortably close to the truth of those times, wears well. The result, if hardly calculated to stretch or blow the mind, is pretty fair entertainment, now and then raised an emotional notch or two higher by some splendid performances.

Women and children in particular were popularly supposed to be suckers for the PX-endowed invaders. What more natural, then, than to hang an experience of those pre-D-Day years upon three mixed couples? In a beautifully recreated, composite Lancashire town and its environs, Jean (Lisa Eichhorn), a local shopkeeper's daughter, reluctantly falls for Matt (Richard Gere), a cook at the local American base. Her come-and-get-it chum, a bus conductress, gaily marries Matt's buddy. And Vanessa Redgrave glows fetchingly as another waiting woman, very upper-class and resourceful, with an officer-husband at sea and William Devane as her beaming Yankee captain. Her finest moment comes in a swift plane trip to Ireland, where all flight time allows is a coke at the PX and a windfall from a fruit machine. Her joy is electric, child-like, contagious, the way it was.

The pleasures and pangs born of austerity are marvellously recaptured throughout. Jean's dad (excellent Jim Moreton) letters a sign: ONE ORANGE PER PERSON, and his customers queue uncomplainingly. When Matt is finally invited to tea and makes an iced cake as a present, Jean's ailing, prickly mum thanks him before quietly putting it to one side: her daughter already has a fiancé (later to be killed in action) and there is plenty on the table, anyway. Playing with exquisite understatement, Rachel Roberts is quite simply magnificent in what could have been a role

from stock. And this is crucial, since Jean's hot-and-cold, unconsummated affair with Matt soon becomes the film's true centre. The women seem to have it, in fact, in *Yanks*. Lisa Eichhorn's serious yet wilful Lancashire lass is as compelling as her extraordinary debut in *The Europeans*. Elsewhere, Schlesinger maintains a nice, impressionistic surface: a kid blows up a condom (my first day as an evacuee was spent on an abandoned GI base, where similar balloons filled the air); a bulldozer razes a golf course; Leslie Mitchell is the voice of Movietone. The tragedies happen off camera.

In stark contrast comes the closing film, *My Way Home*, of Bill Douglas's mesmerising trilogy, of which *My Childhood* (1973) and *My Ain Folk* (1974) were the first two parts. Incredibly compressed, the films are short (48, 55 and 78 minutes, respectively) and the Academy is running the whole, completed work. Almost entirely autobiographical, on Douglas's admission, this unique enterprise is something the BFI Production Board has every reason to be proud of. *My Ain Folk* left young Jamie (Stephen Archibald), the director's alter ego, in a children's home in Edinburgh. The final episode has his wayward father coming to reclaim him, against the kindly warden's wishes. Things are as grim as ever back in the village of Newcraighall, Jamie runs away, takes a couple of abortive jobs, skips again and then, in a fantastic piece of film legerdemain, is transported to a lonely RAF outpost in Egypt, doing his National Service. There he is befriended by gentle, educated Robert (an unselfish appearance of miraculous candour and simplicity by Joseph Blatchley) and, very gradually, comes out of his wary isolation, borrowing books, being shown how to fillet a recalcitrant kipper. It is the measure of Bill Douglas's achievement

that this latter activity should be seen to matter, have a kind of grave humour and weight, without lapsing into the cute or ludicrous.

As before, the viewer is compelled to do some bridge-work of his own. Douglas cuts from one tiny scene to the next without explanation, as when the camera patrols the now deserted whitewashed rooms of Jamie's bruised childhood. But a necessary patience brings its own rewards, in intensity, an unusual degree of involvement. Jamie's pain becomes one's own, as does the dawning satisfaction of his awakening to new possibilities. All ends on a lyric image of a tree in blossom. I beseech you to go and discover this world-in-little for yourself.

Robert Altman is becoming known for his 'executive' sponsorship of new directors: Alan Rudolph, *Welcome to LA* and *Remember My Name*; Robert Benton, *The Late Show* - not bad for starters. Now he presents Robert M. Young, a director in his fifties better known for work in the field of documentary. *Rich Kids*, an aspiring comedy about the effects of divorce on a couple of youngsters in New York's Upper West Side is liveliest and most appealing when it lets 12-year-old Franny (Trini Alvarado) and her new school chum Jamie (Jeremy Levy) get on with it: one lost, innocent weekend in Jamie's swinging papa's appalling, *Playboy*-ish apartment is worth most of the surrounding adult mess. Part of the trouble is Judith Ross's script, which tries to do a Neil Simon and tell some awkward truths at the same time, a mistake Mr Simon himself is prone to. The adults' adultery registers as child's play, in a bad sense. But a certain freshness is to hand in the use of a frieze of faces largely unfamiliar on screen and there are just enough authentically funny lines to make it an alternative to TV for, say,

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Prophecy, directed by John Frankenheimer, who shall (I repeat myself) be nameless, transports us to Maine and an ecological come-on about irresponsible lumber men and angry Indians, about to be dispossessed. Conscience-torn young Doctor Rob (Robert Foxworth) and his lovely cellist wife, Maggie (Talia Shire) are invited to sort matters out. Methyl mercury is the villain and some very nasty animal mutants it produces: a couple of glistening baby ones out of *Eraserhead* and a

'normous one (like a flayed bear with terminal pox). Ultra-silly. *Zulu Dawn* is a great let-down after Cy Endfield's 1964 *Zulu*, which it pre-dates by a few hours historically. Endfield co-wrote the new script with Anthony Storey, and Douglas Hickox directs the battle scenes – against Cetshwayo, at Isandhlwana in January, 1879 – with *Boy's Own Paper* flair. A starry cast, though, flickers fitfully. O'Toole, as arrogant Lord Chelmsford, does his thing as a Byzantine icon; and Burt Lancaster mazily delivers some one-armed Irish.

Jazz

Charles Fox

LSD with Chopped Liver

It happened before Gerrard Street became a place to drop into for a pint of soya sauce or a quick flutter on fan-tan. Burke had resided at No. 37, Dryden lived and died at No. 43, although the latter premises achieved real fame during the tenancy of Kate Meyrick, who made the 43 Club the nucleus of London night-life, a backcloth for the antics of Agatha Runcible and the other Bright Young Things. A world war later and the basement of the house in between, No 39, broke fresh cultural ground. The only warning was a four-inch classified ad in the *Melody Maker*: Friday, 30 October 1959, it announced, would see the opening of Ronnie Scott's Club.

That first evening – and for the next couple of years – the line-up was all British: the Tubby Hayes Quartet, the Eddie Thompson Trio, also (the jokey image already nestled there in embryo) 'the first appearance in a jazz club since the relief of Mafeking by Jack Parnell'. The club was open four evenings a week. The rent was around £10, the aims were modest. Ronnie's partner was, just as he remains, Pete King, once a saxophonist himself. Any suggestion that eventually they might put on Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie and Woody Herman would have raised only a cynical chuckle.

The problem was not simply money, but our interunion deadlock. Louis Armstrong had toured Britain in 1932, Duke Ellington in 1933, Cab Calloway in 1934. After that, no American jazz or dance band musicians – except a few, like Fats Waller, who could pass themselves off as variety artists – performed in Britain for 22 years. The reason? Originally the American Federation of Musicians objected to Jack Hylton's plans for taking a band to the United States. Their clamp-down was quickly imitated over here by the Musicians' Union.

By the time Ronnie Scott started taking saxophone lessons – from Vera Lynn's father-in-law, incidentally – that situation was almost accepted as a fact of life. For jazz fans, not being able to see the great musicians and bands was an irritation. For local jazz musicians it was worse than that. Rather like folk music, jazz – the subtlest kind of jazz, anyway – relies upon performers learning from one another, the most personal kind of tutoring. No amount of listening to 78s on wind-up gramophones could replace that. The arrival

of bebop – new, exciting, much more difficult – only added to the frustration.

When he was 20, Scott, along with the drummer Tony Crombie, made the trip to New York. Then, like many other jazz musicians who have since become famous, he joined 'Geraldo's Navy' (Geraldo had switched from being a bandleader to running an agency), playing aboard transatlantic liners, not so much for wages as for the chance to hear Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie at first hand. Back in Britain there were get-togethers at the Club Eleven, first in Great Windmill Street, then – until the police raided it – in the then far from fashionable Carnaby Street. After that came Scott's debut as a bandleader (his big band of 1955 still gets recalled with nostalgic sighs and headshaking), and eventually the opening of the club.

By then the two unions had agreed to man-for-man exchanges for concert tours. In 1956 Stan Kenton's Orchestra came to Britain while the Ted Heath band flew off to the States. Sanity began seeping in, even if, in those pre-rock days, a solution was complicated because of Americans being more in demand than Britons. In 1961 Scott and King persuaded the MU to allow Zoot Sims to perform at their club while Tubby Hayes played at the Half Note in New York. It was, without exaggeration, the start of a new era of British jazz.

Americans began appearing regularly at Scott's. British musicians played alongside them, at first in some awe, then on increasingly equal terms. Plenty could be learnt from these heroes, yet the psychological effect of working with them was every bit as important. A mystique, a whole set of inhibitions, vanished once it was discovered that Americans too were capable of playing badly. There had always been at least a handful of really worthwhile British musicians; now the number started to expand.

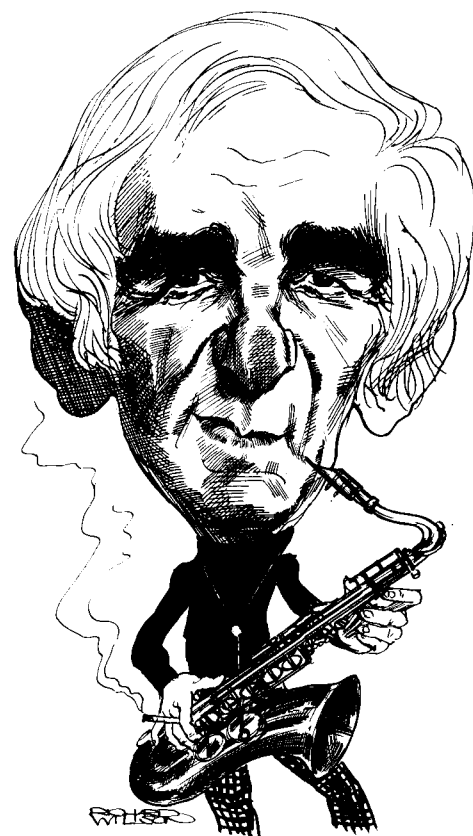
In 1965 the club crossed Shaftesbury Avenue to Frith Street. No longer was it necessary to clamber down rickety wooden stairs, no longer need patrons have qualms about visiting the Gents. The new premises were larger, grander, also much pricier. What had been essentially a jazz club showed signs of turning into a night club, attracting a clientele that did not always grasp that the music was the reason for going there, not just a

background to chatter against. Still, the artistic level stayed high, the policy even remained adventurous (Ornette Coleman was booked in for a fortnight in 1966; Cecil Taylor played there only a couple of years ago). And as so often happens throughout history, the crisis produced the man – even if he had been on hand all the time.

It may be fanciful to link Ronnie Scott's rise to fame as a wit and raconteur with the need to handle a new kind of audience. Intimates, of course, already relished his way with words. The average jazz follower, however, still thought of Scott as a tenor saxophonist, reared on Hawkins, digesting Lester Young and Stan Getz, picking and choosing, eventually coming up with a sound and style of his own. But there was more to him than that. Rather as Duke Ellington deployed graciousness, Scott used self-deprecating jokes to manufacture an ironic persona.

Regular club-goers regard Ronnie Scott's routines as something of a ritual, to be shared rather than giggled at – although every audience includes at least a few for whom the jokes come fresh. Frequently Scott fantasizes ('We got so bored having nothing to do that we used to sit in the band bus and mix LSD with chopped liver and take trips to Israel'); sometimes a sluggish audience gets rebuked ('Why don't you all join hands and see if you can contact the living').

The throwaway style even extends to Scott's music-making. Not the craftsmanship or concern with musicality, but the apparently casual



approach. He can battle it out on tenor saxophone (and nowadays soprano too) with most of his star attractions; he continues to take his quartet all over Britain. Yet, bizarre as it seems, hardshelled old pro though he should be, Scott has about him something of the amateur's penchant for making light of the tedious and troublesome. In a different age, with a different background, he might have gone in third wicket down for I. Zingari. As it is, he sticks to following the Turf

(‘I’ve been known to stop a runaway horse dead in its tracks just by putting a fiver on it’).

Needless to say, his private life stays that way (Is he married? a *Sunday Express* gossip columnist whispered during a recent reception). Typically enough, Scott’s newly published autobiography (*Some Of My Best Friends Are Blues*, W. H. Allen, £3.50) reveals no more of the sensual man than Duke Ellington’s did. So how does he see himself in the shaving mirror? A wily entrepreneur, gung ho after 20 triumphal years at the club? The alert wisecracker, outwitter of drunks and boors and boobies? Or simply as a musician, one of the best saxophonists in the country? The reflex would be instant, the putdown unstoppable. ‘In the country, great! But in the town’ – a shrug, a grimace – ‘not so hot’.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Tale of Two Cities

New York City Ballet’s recent Covent Garden season has highlighted the elusive taste gap between British and American ballet audiences and critics. Anyone who follows ballet in both countries has long been aware that the Americans have, on the whole, little time for certain choreographers with big European reputations, notably our own Kenneth MacMillan and their expatriate John Neumeier. Equally they tend to idolise Balanchine. For many New Yorkers, Balanchine is not just a great choreographer, but *the* great; it is either a heresy or an absurdity to mention Ashton or Robbins in the same breath.

Here, on the other hand, it has long been fashionable for certain people to sniff at Balanchine, for doing nothing but ‘cold’ abstracts, for treating his dancers as automata rather than as personalities, and sometimes even for being unmusical! All these accusations are fairly demonstrably false, though when Balanchine veers away from ‘cold’ abstracts and does a schmaltzy atmospheric piece like *Vienna Waltzes* or a slice of showbiz spectacle like *Union Jack*, the critics here sneer again.

Part of the difference can be explained by regular diet and expectations. If you expect Balanchine to be cold and formal, you may not easily forgive him for suddenly aping a Broadway musical. On the other hand, if you live with New York City Ballet and its decorless, costume-less pieces, you may be all the more relieved and delighted when something comes along with costumes and decor, however garish or obvious, and with dancers doing a balleticised version of folk or ballroom dancing instead of classical steps.

There is also a difference in attitudes towards ballet, and indeed towards theatrical dance as a whole. In New York dance has now been elevated into a kind of religion. Its temples abound, from four major theatres regularly devoted to dance, to a countless host of ‘fringe’ studios and halls. The most extreme

Balanchine fanatics speak of his works as pure art, scarcely theatre at all, sullied by such vulgarities as applause, which does not prevent American audiences applauding whenever a dancer jumps, spins or balances, right in the middle of the music, much to the disgust of Balanchine.

American critics contribute to this climate of worship. There is a whole new school of dance criticism in the States (there are even seminars at which it is discussed and taught), whose distinctive features include attempts at detailed descriptions of physical movement and of its alleged significance, frequent obscurity, and excessive length. It is difficult to write about abstract ballets, and about ‘modern’ choreography that seems to have neither specific technique nor emotional content; it is also difficult to fill the amount of space regularly provided for dance criticism by, say, the *New Yorker*. The result is something that I, as a lifelong dance lover, never thought I would see: – dance being taken *too* seriously.

What most American critics like is formal emotion-free movement, either classical or ‘contemporary’. They also like seeing these oh-so-serious technically gifted dancers let their hair down occasionally. Some like revivals of the 19th-century classics. What they do not appreciate are modern attempts at full-length story ballets, whether Grigorovitch’s *Spartacus*, MacMillan’s *Mayerling* or Neumeier’s *Lady of the Camellias*. Many of them hated the late John Cranko as well; Arlene Croce in the *New Yorker* recently wrote that the Stuttgart Ballet had never done anything she enjoyed!

What are the prejudices of the British critics? According to Anna Kisselgoff, in a recent article in the *New York Times* headed ‘The British vs Balanchine’, ‘the British cling to certain points of reference in ballet that most of us here have long discarded’ – particularly the so-called synthesis of the arts promoted by Diaghilev. This synthesis (of dance, music, drama and decor) was in fact promoted by one of Diaghilev’s choreographers, Fokine, whereas Diaghilev himself constantly changed his styles and tastes and was essentially an innovator. Ten years ago, in my book *Ballet Scene*, I attacked some of my colleagues for clinging to Fokine principles when judging other sorts of ballets; I don’t honestly think many of us do so now.

As an outsider, Anna Kisselgoff wasn’t able to give due weight, or lack of weight, to the various British critics she quoted. The British critical reaction to New York City Ballet was adversely affected by the enforced silence of both John Percival in *The Times* and David Dougill in the *Sunday Times*. Mary Clarke in the *Guardian* and Alexander Bland in the *Observer* maintain they were each more enthusiastic than the quotations suggested. The season escalated into a great popular success, with a long personal ovation for Balanchine on the last night. Balanchine himself returned to New York delighted.

Nevertheless, because some intelligent and informed balletgoers in London found the repertory boring, New Yorkers have been reinforced in their conviction that the British have a quaint, fuddy-duddy approach to ballet. Arlene Croce says the Royal Ballet is now ‘provincial’ and that several of our critics are ‘Colonel Blimps’. The day when we all at least respect, if not actually enjoy, a wide variety of choreographic and dance styles seems as far off as ever.

Weekend Competition

No 2590

Set by Fatboy

How to set an abbreviations comp (see below). One of the naughtiest and most popular comps in the last ten years (see your copies of *Never Rub Bottoms With a Porcupine*, Allen & Unwin £4.95) was the ‘love letter’ acronym comp, based on the famous ‘NORWICH = Nickers Off Ready When I Come Home’. Supply *up to five* acronyms for itinerant randies who are staying in large towns or cities on the continent of Europe. NB: Russia is not in Europe; islands in the Mediterranean are disqualified; anyone who sends in more than five shots will have his entry shredded. Clear? By 16 November.

Result of No 2587 Set by E.O. Parrott

We asked, naively, for reinterpretations of common abbreviations.

Report

by Fatboy

No limit on the number of entries; no restriction to a particular area of subject-matter; plus which, Russell Davies, reviewing *Porcupine* (NS 12 October) urged aspiring compilers, ‘Don’t be afraid to try out old jokes. Even old new jokes.’ It all added up to one great mother of a snarl-up: a ludicrously overflowing folder, some insulting hoary suggestions, and one very tetchy and overworked Fatboy. Even so, we can’t be sure some of those listed below haven’t been already remunerated in previous comps. But to stop you feeling too pleased with yourselves, we’re holding you down to a miserly Wilson a crack. And certainly no Thompsons on this one.

FRCS: Fossicks Around, Chops, Snips
BUPA: Bandages ‘U’ Patients Alone
STD: Scores Thwarted Daily
UDI: Uitlanders Defraud Indigenes

MARTIN FAGG

NGA: Newly Gained Affluence
QUANGO: Quite Undemanding Activity; Nominees Gather, Occasionally
EPNS: Ersatz, Passably Nobbish, Spoons
GCE: Gentry Children’s Exams
CSE: Common Sorts’ Exams

JIM ANTHONY

DDR: Drugs Desexualise Renate
ERNIE: Everyone Receives No Interest, Eh?
ACAS: Agency Calms Angry Strikers
TLS: Treats Letters Seriously

TIM HOPKINS

RSPCA: Rather Sadly Put Cuddles Asleep
PTO: Prattling Tediiously On
RC: Repent! Confess!
NUPE: Notoriously Underpaid Practically Every-where

BILL GREENWELL

BOC: Bags of Cylinders
ROBERT WRIGHT-BADDERLEY

TV: Technological Valium
WENDY COPE

T&GWU: Tough & Greedy When Upset
RUSSELL LUCAS

NEC: Next Eliminate Callaghan
SNP: Sassenachs Need Passports
BSC: Bilston? Shotton? Corby?

R.D. CONDON

AID: Anonymously Implanted Dollop
PETER VEALE

BED: Barely Educated
MED: More Educated
OPEC: Out-Pricing Every Competitor
PETER ALEXANDER

UFO: Usually Follows Overeating
STUART WOODS

RAC: Refuses All Calls
PAUL PASTOR

NS: Neutered Socialism
HARRISON EVERARD

RADA: Rather Awful Darling Actually
TED FAULKNER

GPO: Gargantuan Parcel Oubliette
FRCOG: Finger Rummaging in Conduits and Organs of Generation
RSPCA: Rah for Shitty Pavements and Clawed Antimacassars

MARY HOLTBY

WRP: Wealthy Redgraves Pay
AID: An Incognito Dick
NVLA: No Vulgar Lines Allowed
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

STD: Sod Telephoning Dubai
NFT: Numerous Francois Truffauts
MIS: Mole In 5
BARRY ANTHONY

USSR: Union for the Suppression of Socialist Republics
MORAY MCGOWAN

GLC: Good Lord! Cutler!
NICHOLAS MURRAY

D.LITT: Did Leavis Influence Tommy Trinder?
RICHARD J. GRAVES

GCE: Generally Considered Easy
CSE: Considered Still Easier
TED THOMPSON

NBG: Not Bill Greenwell
RA: Ransome Amuses
MA: Martin Amazes
SWALK: Sharpless Wins A Lot, Keith
DNA: Drink's No Answer
ROBERT BAIRD



Tony Miles Chess

No 153

Riga Resumé
My play in the Riga Interzonal was rather strange. Whilst never playing at all well I remained in contention for one of the three candidates' places right up until the penultimate round. With White I played terribly, losing no less than four games, while with Black wins came remarkably easily and losses only when I felt obliged to go all out to win. With hindsight quieter play would have reaped dividends, but even at the time I had no intention of being quite so warlike. I won my first two games without really trying, then, attempting to consolidate, I lost miserably to Polugaevsky. This stirred me to some effort but only with the result that I blundered away a likely win against Kuzmin in time trouble, and then adjourned in a hopeless position against the Tunisian, Bouaziz, both basically as a result of trying to overcomplicate. This was the low point of the tournament, but suddenly fate, in the shape of my opponent, took a hand. Instead of winning in any of about twenty different ways, he concocted a ridiculous helpmate.

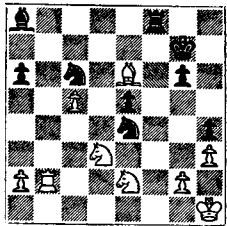
Thereafter I continued on my erratic way until round 10, at which point I was back to 50 per cent. After a crazy five hours' play against Ljubojevic I adjourned in a winning, though by no means straightforward, ending. The next day I also adjourned against Van Riemsdyk with a likely win. Round 12 brought a third adjournment but this time with only a slight advantage against Mednis. All three were to be concluded on the same day. The first two I won comfortably as expected, and in the third, despite minimal material and few real chances, I managed to confuse my opponent sufficiently to notch the third point. Suddenly I was back in the race.

I had to win my last two games to reach a play-off for the candidates' matches. The main problem was that in the first I had Black against Tal. I duly declined a draw, but in trying to complicate a drawish ending only succeeded in losing. With nothing much to play for I also lost (rather a beautiful game if you happened to be on the other side of it) to Adorjan. My final position of equal eighth with 9/17 (seven wins, six losses and four (!) draws - less than all but the last player) was probably what I deserved on the quality of my play.

My happiest memory was the second session

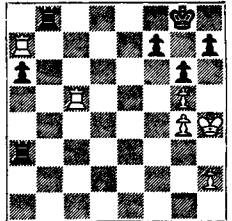
with Mednis. In the diagram position, after 40 minutes' thought, he (White) sealed 41.B-Q5 (after ensuring that... N-Q5 was not a winning reply: 42.BxB, NxN; 43.BxN, N-N6ch; 44.K-R2, R-B8?? 45.N-B2!) and play continued:- 41...

N-N6ch; 42.NxN (but not K-R2, N-Q5!) PxN; 43.R-N1, P-K5! (to break the annoying pin) 44.BxP, N-N5; 45.BxB (but not BxP? KxB; 46.NxN, B-K5 followed by P-R4!) NxN; 46.B-B3, NxP; 47.K-N1, R-Q1 (I wanted to play... N-K3, but unfortunately 48.B-N4! is good - if N-B5; 49.R-N3) 48.R-QB1 (better than 48.R-Q1, R-QN1!) N-K3; 49.B-N4, N-B5; 50.R-N3, R-Q7; 51.RxP, RxP (surely a trivial draw, but White's pieces are a bit tangled) 52.K-B1, P-R4; 53.B-B3, K-B3; 54.B-K4, P-R5; 55.R-N4, P-N4; 56.P-R4, P-R6! (the only try) 57.PxPch (not 57.RxP, R-N7) K-K4; 58.P-N6, R-N7 (a difficult choice. On the more obvious... R-R8ch; 59.K-B2, P-R7; 60.P-N7, R-B8ch; 61.KxR I didn't see a win) 59.P-N7?? (Success! 59.R-N5ch! draws... KxB; 60.P-N7, P-R7; 61.R-QR5, or... K-B3; 60.R-B5ch, K-N2; 61.RxN, P-R7; 62.R-B7ch and R-QR7) P-R7, 60.R-N5ch, K-B3! 61.R-QR5, KxB; 62.P-N3! N-R4. (Not... N-K3? or N-R6? B-Q5. I thought that... N-N3 also wins after 63.R-R7ch, K-R3; 64.R-R6, R-N8ch; 65.K-N2, P-R8=Q; 66.RxNch, K-R4; 67.BxR, Q-N7ch! 68.K-B3, QxB but the text seemed prettier.) 63.B-B3, NxPch; 64.K-K1, N-B4 (a neat alternative is... R-N8ch; 65.K-B2, N-R8ch!) 65.B-N4 (I expected 65.B-Q1, N-K6! 66.B-N3! - else NxB - N-R8ch! 67.K-K2, P-R8=Q; 68.RxQ, RxR; 67.KxN R-R6!) N-K6; 66.B-K6, R-N8ch (N-B7ch is also adequate, but this is more elegant) 67.K-K2, P-R8=Q. Resigns (68.RxQ, RxR; 69.KxN, R-K8ch).



Problem 153

An amusing position from the women's Interzonal. White, to play, resigned. Comments to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 14 November.

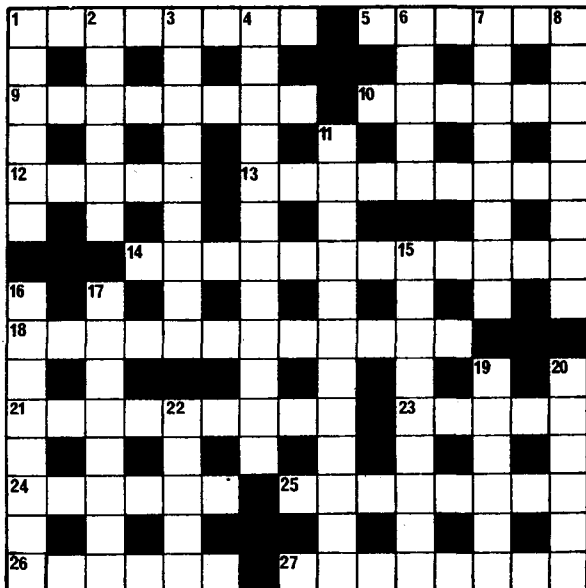


Solution to problem 151

1... P-B6! 2.PxP, Q-R6; 3.NxP, N-N5! 4.Q-Q6 (4.PxN, N-R5 and mate), N-B5! mates or wins the Queen.

Weekend Crossword 1321

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1321, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 13 November.



ACROSS

- 1 Not give one's entire support to the player (8).
- 5 Organised detectives although the scent was bad (6).
- 9 Plant in a vessel like this (8).
- 10 Position in the finest ancestral home (6).
- 12 Fish uncooked in the middle (5).
- 13 Top people who raise the roof? (9).
- 14 Disfigurement felt badly always in illness (7, 5).
- 18 A dog shivers in pain (12).
- 21 Birds make fish go under water (9).
- 23 Control enemy leader in desert (5).
- 24 Food for a painter (6).
- 25 Part of plane which needs fuels to be changed before time (8).
- 26 Film star is secretive about his name (6).
- 27 Real site needed for workshops (8).

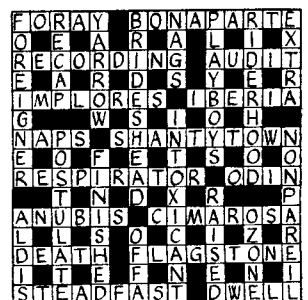
DOWN

- 1 Condition of a prominent politician about fifty (6).
- 2 Animals which provide a man with everything when climbing (6).
- 3 Call to make graduate attempt to hold archaeological specimen up (9).
- 4 Musical technique employed by scorer on score (12).
- 6 Room to be included in what tickles one's fancy (5).
- 7 Imagine a novice being corrupted in church! (8).
- 8 Furniture for theatre people (8).
- 11 Something to eat, but was it rice pudding? (12).
- 15 Do not resort to power to liberate revolutionary element (9).
- 16 The scientist is a very unpleasant fellow cutting up mice (8).
- 17 After being bowled the non-striker has to miss, leg-before! (8).

- 19 Entertain almost entirely in royal style (6).
- 20 Creatures which increase but do not multiply (6).
- 22 Subject for a town (5).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1320



Prizewinners to No 1320

Mrs Head (Sheffield)
P. Murphy (London SW1)
C.M.B. Stark (Falkirk)

APPOINTMENTS

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Applicants should have a PhD, or equivalent experience, in economics with adequate training in modelling techniques, should be able to demonstrate a capacity for applied policy research, and should be willing to participate in such research as part of a project team. Funding for the appointment has been provided for a period of three years.

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The Centre has developed a programme of research in the resources policy field, dealing with the major issues likely to arise in the development of Australia's natural resources. While most attention has so far been given to policy issues relating to mineral and energy developments, work has also been conducted on broader resource, trade, and environmental matters. The successful applicant would work under the general direction of Professor Stuart Harris, but would be expected to develop his or her own work within the broad area of interest of the programme as well as working collaboratively with others when appropriate.

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Applications should be lodged as soon as possible.

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Salaries will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the range: Senior Research Fellow: \$A22,755-\$27,143; Research Fellow: \$A16,291-\$21,265 per annum. Present exchange rate: \$A1: 50p.

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LW/T

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Application Forms and further details are available from the General Secretary, Post Office Management Staffs' Association, 52 Broadway, Bracknell, Berks. The closing date for the receipt of completed applications is first post Friday 7 December 1979. Short listed candidates will be interviewed on Wednesday 19 December or Thursday 20 December at Bracknell.

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ADLERIAN SOCIETY, 'Encouragement', Paul Rom, L-es-L. DES (EDR., Individual Psychology NL), introduces a study of Adlerian theory and techniques, including demonstrations and group participations, 7.30 Tuesday, 6 November. Refreshments from 7.15. Community Rooms, Millman St. (East Side), WC1. Visitors welcome 50p. (students 25p).

BRITAIN IN THE WORLD TODAY, Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). Fri. 9 Nov. 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1.

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CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY, David Blake of The Times on 'The Future for the British Economy' Wed. 7 Nov. 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome.

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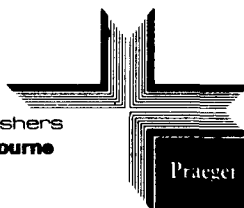
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